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BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

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AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1896.

No. 48.

Maine Farmer.

The New England Society will hold
a fair at Highgate another year.

A fine crop of beans has been harvest-
ed. The area planted to this crop was
larger than usual.

The cool temperature and the prevail-
ing cloudy and rainy weather is not
favorable for ripening the corn. There
will be larger "anouts" than a year ago.

The potato root is prevailing to a con-
siderable extent throughout the State.
It is, too, quite rapidly on the increase.
Growers are finding more rotten ones
each day as the digging goes on. It may
be that the crop will be so reduced
from this decay that there will be
no over supply in the winter and spring
market.

There is a growing demand for cor-
rectly estimating the fat in milk bought
and sold, but there is no demand, grow-
ing or otherwise, for estimating the but-
ter fat in a cow's milk by the Babcock
method. The following, issued in the
form of a station bulletin, by Prof. Far-
rington, the chemist in charge of the
World's Fair work of the kind, cannot
fail to confirm the position of the
Farmer that only skillful work is re-
liable:

"Testing milk by Dr. Babcock's
method has generally been considered a
very simple process. The details of the
method were so elaborately and care-
fully worked out by him, before publi-
cation, that no improvements in the
chemical reactions have been suggested
to make the process any more useful or
successful than when first described.
Beginners have found, however, that to
make an accurate test of milk requires
somewhat more attention than is neces-
sary to turn the crank of a churn. Many
who have used the process have had
more or less trouble from foreign sub-
stances, either black or white, separating
with the fat. These make an obscure
reading of the per cent. of fat because
of the indistinct separation of the
liquids. The common remedy suggested
for this difficulty has been a change of
acid. If there is "black stuff" in the
fat, get weaker acid; if a white curd
separates in the fat column, change to a
stronger acid. That a too strong or a
too weak acid may cause this trouble, is
undoubtedly correct in many cases, but
not always. The manipulation of the
test may also cause these defects.

It was found by the writer that nearly
if not all the acid in Chicago for this
purpose was made at one factory, and
by conversation with the manufacturer
it was learned that the still making this
acid was running day and night, turning
out the same quality of acid without
change.

It has generally been supposed to be
easier to test a mixture of the milk of
several cows than the milk of one cow,
and that possibly there might be found
a cow's milk which could not be suc-
cessfully tested. The observations given in
this article are the results of a great
many experiments made with the milk
of each of the seventy-five cows now in
the dairy test at the World's Columbian
Exposition.

Since May 1st we have made at least
150 tests of milk every day. During this
time samples of a great variety of milks
have been tested. There have been great
variations in the composition of these
milks, and in the characteristics and
health of the cows. We have been able
to test successfully any milk yet re-
ceived, and, by proper manipulation, to
get a very clear separation of the fat.

A bad separation is not always caused
by the strength of the sulphuric acid.
Our work has demonstrated that, by
slight changes in the manipulation, at
least three kinds of tests can be made of
one sample of milk with the same acid.

First, a test giving a very clear separa-
tion of fat; second, a separation of fat
which contains more or less of a black,
flocculent substance, especially at the
bottom of the fat column; and, third, a
test very much like the second, except
that a white, instead of a black, sub-
stance interferes with a clear measure-
ment of the fat.

The black substance that appears is
probably charred fat and indicates too
strong an action of the acid on the milk.
The white adulteration of the fat shows
either too weak a reaction or an incom-
plete separation by the centrifuge. Each
of these defects can be of course be pro-
duced by acid either very much too
strong or too weak. They can also be
brought out, by different manipulation,
when acid having the correct strength is
used. If the acid is so poured into the
milk in the test bottle that it passes
through the milk, instead of following
down the inside walls of the test bottle,
a portion of the milk is thus acted on by
the strong acid before it becomes diluted
with the water in the milk. This makes
a more intense action of the acid on a
small part of the milk, and the fat it
contains is somewhat decomposed and
blackened. This black substance is then
separated with the fat by the usual
method of finishing the test and makes
the measurement of the fat uncertain.

Another cause of the "black stuff" in
the fat is too warm milk. Sulphuric acid,
sp. gr. 1.82, may work all right for test-
ing milk when both acid and milk are at

a temperature of 60° F.; but if the
weather changes, or the testing is made
in a warm room where the temperature
is up to 80 or 90° F., a great deal of black
stuff may be found in the fat.

The action of the milk will be more or
less intense, according to the tempera-
ture of the liquids. Persons who have
tested milk throughout the year, at
creameries or other places, may have
noticed that in winter the fat is often
light colored or whitish, while in sum-
mer it is deeper yellow. This variation
in color is caused by the difference in the
temperature of the milk and acid as well
as the strength of the acid. Cooling the
milk in the test bottles, before adding
the acid, will often prevent the formation of
the black substance which appears in the
column of fat.

The white curdy substance that some-
times separates with the fat can be de-
stroyed either by adding the hot water
necessary to bring the fat into the neck
of the test bottle, in two portions, and
whirling the test bottle in the centrifuge
after each addition of the water, or by
warming the milk in the test bottles, so
that it will be about 80° F. when the
acid is added.

It is my opinion that returning the
supply of acid to the party from whom
it was bought is often unnecessary. Any
person who has trouble from either the
black or white substance separating with
the fat can probably remedy the diffi-
culty by some changes in the manipu-
lation, provided the acid is anywhere
between 1.82 and 1.83 specific gravity at
60° F.

No exact experiments have been made
yet to determine the relation between
the temperature of the milk and acid
and the sp. gr. of the acid, but I will
venture to guarantee an entirely satis-
factory working of the Babcock milk
test, if, in addition to the elaborate de-
tails which the originator of the method
has already worked out, the following
precautions are observed:

First—An acid having 1.82 sp. gr.
should be used with milk at 60 to 70° F.
If the acid is stronger, cool the milk to
a lower temperature. Somewhat weaker
acid can probably be made to work all
right by warming the milk.

Second—When measuring acid into
the test bottles, hold the bottle at an
angle that will cause the acid to follow
the inside walls to the bottom of the
bottle, and not drop through the milk
in the center of the bottle. If properly
poured into the test bottle there will be
a distinct layer of milk and acid, with
little or no black color between them.

Third—Thoroughly mix the milk and
acid as soon as measured into the test
bottle. A better separation of fat is ob-
tained by mixing at once than allowing
the two liquids to stand unmixed in the
bottle until enough tests have been
measured out to fill the centrifuge.

Fourth—After five minutes whirling of
the test bottles in the centrifuge, add
hot water until the test bottle is
filled up to the neck only; run the cen-
trifuge one minute, then fill the neck of
the test bottle with hot water and run
the centrifuge another minute. Adding
the necessary hot water in two portions
is often a great help in getting a clear
separation of fat. When the test bottles
are taken from the centrifuge they are
put into water at 140 to 160° F., and the
per cent. of fat read at that temperature.

Fifth—Too low results will be obtained
if the centrifuge does not have sufficient
speed. The machines have to be
watched, as constant use wears some of
them so that the speed designed by the
manufacturers is not obtained.

Sixth—When testing skim milks or
buttermilks which have a very small per-
cent. of fat (2 of 1 per cent. or less) the
reading of the per cent. of fat should be
made immediately on taking the test
bottle from the centrifuge. If this is
not done, and the test bottle cools before
taking the reading, the contraction of
the liquid in the bottle will often leave
the fat spread over the inside surface of
the measuring tube so that it is not seen,
but has the appearance of being only a
dirty tube. If read when taken from the
machine, the small globules of fat can
be seen and estimated.

It has been stated by foreign critics,
that one reason why they did not use
the Babcock test was because their work
in the dairy line had been done for years
by the old methods long in use, and in
order to make their present and future
work compare with the past, they must
use the same old methods of their fathers.

Our work for the past two months has
given each day triplicate proof of the
accuracy of the Babcock method for
testing milk. The milk of each of the
three herds of twenty-five cows is
creamed and churned daily. The skim
milk and buttermilk are tested, and the
butter from each herd is analyzed every
day. The butter fat, found by testing
the milk of each of the twenty-five cows
in each herd, is nearly all accounted for
by the analyses of the skim milk, butter-
milk and butter.

The records show that from June 1st
to August 3d, there has been an average
loss in fat of 0.108, 0.161 and 0.153 per
cent. of the total milk produced by the
three herds. This small loss of fat by
the manufacture of milk into butter
demonstrates that if this method is cor-
rectly used in dairy experiments, and the
results of such investigations are not

comparable with those of the past, it is
not the Babcock milk test which is
wrong. There is some other cause for
the discrepancy.

E. H. FARRINGTON, M. S., Chemist.

PROGRESS IN KNOWLEDGE OF BOVINE
TUBERCULOSIS.

The following is a summary of the re-
port by Dr. Bang of Copenhagen of his
work in Denmark, in connection with
tuberculosis in cattle. Dr. Bang is a
veterinarian of the highest rank, and has
been in charge since 1891 of the
Government's efforts against this dis-
ease. This report is looked upon as of
such importance that the Massachusetts
Experiment Station has published a
translation and issued it as Bulletin 41,
from which this summary is made.

As to tuberculosis, Bang declares it of
great value as a diagnostic (it failed in
10 to 13 per cent. of several hundred
cases), but by no means infallible. It
furnishes not the slightest basis for
judging to what extent a beast is dis-
eased. Tuberculin may have a curative
effect in slight cases; half of the animals
that reacted (in one experiment) were
apparently cured in three years. When
properly administered, Bang finds no
evidence of tuberculosis being injurious
except to badly diseased cattle, but adds
that more data is needed to scientifically
demonstrate this point. Tuberculin is
so uncertain that its reaction in not cer-
tain legal proof of the animal being
tuberculous.

The majority of reacting cows have
simply latent tuberculosis. It may re-
main latent for years, exerting no in-
fluence on the general health or func-
tions of the cow. It may exist in tuber-
cles so small (from the size of a needle's
head to a pea) as to escape trained ob-
servation upon post-mortem. In many
animals, the disease remains wholly
localized for the entire life, or even a
cure may take place. Tuberculin reac-
tion in a cow is no reason to suspect her
calf will be tuberculous; the majority of
such calves are born healthy. The milk
of the majority of tuberculous cows is
not dangerous, unless the udder is dis-
eased. Milk from such udders may
cause disease in calves. Such milk
mixed with that going to a creamery
may possibly so infect the whole that
calves fed from the factory's skim milk
may contract tuberculosis. Heating the
milk to 185 degrees F. guards against this.
Under sanitary conditions, spread
of the disease from one cow to another
requires prolonged living together.

In view of all this, to prevent the use
of less destruction of milking strains that
are the result of years of breeding, to in-
sure economy and yet carry on an effec-
tive campaign against the disease, Bang
has adopted this method. 1. Apply
tuberculin test. 2. Separate reacting
from non-reacting animals. 3. Kill evi-
dently sick animals, either at once or
after rapid fattening. 4. Rear calves of
cows that react but otherwise appear
healthy or but slightly diseased. 5. Pro-
tect the calves from infection through
feed or otherwise. 6. Carefully disin-
fect stable, let in sunshine and air,
don't feed too highly. 7. Test the non-
reacting animals twice a year.

The separation between reacting and
non-reacting cows must be complete.
Separate buildings are best; or make an
air-tight paper-lined partition across the
stable, keeping the suspected animals on
one side, the healthy in the other com-
partment. This partition can be made
movable, to enlarge the quarters for
healthy stock as their numbers increase.
Neither reacting cows nor their care-
takers should walk across manure piles
or yards frequented by healthy stock,
and the two herds should be separately
pastured. Take every reasonable
measure to avoid germs of disease being
carried from suspected to healthy ani-
mals.

By these means a large herd at
Thursbyville, which was badly tuber-
culous, has been changed into a healthy
herd. In April, '92, the herd was tested,
131 reacting and 72 not reacting. The
foregoing plan was carried out as well as
possible on an ordinary farm, by such
means as any farmer can employ, and
the animals were tested every six
months. Result: The healthy animals
kept healthy, with few exceptions; of
the 131 suspects, those that failed to re-
act after the second and third tests were
pronounced sound, and were transferred
to the healthy division, until in three
years (by May, '95) 62 animals had been
thus "cured" or saved. At first, 80 per
cent. of the cows in the whole herd re-
acted, but after three years of this treat-
ment more than half of these cows were
cured, and were placed in the healthy
division. This plan is now coming into
general use among Danish farmers, and
when intelligently followed gives extra-
ordinary results. One farmer's herd
contained only 86 healthy out of 139
tested in January, '94, but when tested
in November, '95, the healthy division
(including new calves) numbered 140
head, only one of which reacted. We
may add that further evidence that the
tuberculin reaction alone should by no
means condemn animals as tuberculous,
is not needed. But if required, it is
furnished by the further fact that while
the number of cattle and young stock
reacting out of 54,000 tests ranged from
20 to 50 per cent. in different counties,

averaging 39 per cent., less than 18 per
cent. out of 132,000 oxen and cows
slaughtered at Copenhagen proved tuber-
culous. Both experiences seem to agree
that half of the animals that react to
tuberculin are practically healthy, and
with proper care will not only continue
healthy, but will be so "cured" that
they will not even react to the test.

"CHERRY STONES."

When I was a young man, I didn't al-
ways have roast beef and plum pudding
for dinner, for that matter, I don't
now, for that matter; but, in my younger
days, baked beans or brown bread or
crackers and cheese made a better "nick"
into my cash than any more expensive
diet. Some time after I was old enough
to vote, I made up my mind that I would
try to work my way through college,
and I went at it with mighty little cash
and less credit. Those were good old
days, and those of us who had light
hearts and sound digestion had a heap
of fun, even though we had to live on
coarse food, and cut expenses down to
a fine point.

Of course, there were times when the
outlook was as blue as Bordeaux Mix-
ture, and it seemed as though it wasn't
any use to try any more. My experience
is that, at such times, a fellow needs a
mental brace more than anything else.
Yes, sir; it is nerve and courage that he
needs. About half way down the road
from college to town, was a big rock
that always spoke words of encourage-
ment to us whenever we got near it.
You will say that you never heard a rock
talk! Well, this was no new breed—a
tough old piece of granite—but it did
talk like an orator, and if you will give
me your attention for a moment, I will
tell you what it said.

Years before, a wayfarer passed by
with a bunch of cherries in his hand.
As he ate them, he threw the stones or
peas carelessly away. One of these stones
fell into a little crack in the rock into
which a handful of soil had been washed.
Strange to say, that cherry stone sprouted
and grew. Its roots dug into the hand-
ful of soil, and its little trunk reached
up for the sunshine and air. Nurtured
and strengthened by that wise and won-
derful force we call life, the little tree
grew out of the crack while its roots, that
seemed so tender and soft, actually
forced the rock back so that, in our day,
the trunk of the tree was, at least, nine
inches in diameter, while the rock was
fairly cleft in two by a great two-inch
root. There it stood silently teaching.

By day and night, a great lesson of
patience and moral power. I hope that
it is standing there to-day with its roots
still deeper in that rock, so that young
men may still take courage from its
sermon!

And when you come to think of it,
what a sermon that was! Here was a
little cherry stone carelessly thrown
away—worthless in itself—yet containing
a germ which needed only protection and
food to develop into a lever on which the
great forces of Nature could work to
split open that solid rock. We boys
used to look at that tree and say to our-
selves: "See here, now the force that can
work such wonders with the germ in a
cherry stone, will do even greater things
with the germ of a true idea in a human
mind." The germ in our minds was the
desire to obtain an education. That
wasn't a chance cherry stone; it had been
put into our heads by a powerful set of
circumstances. Some time I will tell
how it got into my head—but that is
quite another story. Our motto for
wanting an education was true and
honorable. It was a sound cherry stone.
There was a rock of adverse conditions
around it, but every time we saw how the
cherry root had mastered the block of
granite, we felt encouraged to hold on to
a little longer, and make another effort to
pull through.

That old rock always said as plainly as
though it had shouted out the words—
"Stick to it! Hang on when you know
you are right!" I don't know how many
hundreds of boys have had their nerves
screwed tighter, and their courage ground
to a cutting edge, by the object-lesson of
the old rock. And another lesson that
came out of it was this: "Mind where
you throw your cherry stones!" There
is power in a cherry stone or a mental
germ. Start a right and true idea in the
mind of that boy or young man! His
head is forming! There may be cracks in
it. They may close up and leave him a
narrow-minded bigot. Look out for that!
Throw in the stone of some true
and noble idea that you have tried and
tested! Watch it! Stay right by it! Help
it along, and the first you know, it will
send its roots down and its branches
up and your young man will have a new
head on him, with new hopes and ambi-
tions and desires—a better citizen in all
respects.—Rural New Yorker.

The corn shop at Strong runs a little
irregularly, owing to the delay in get-
ting in corn, caused by the frost. The
corn from the uplands which is being
canned now is superlative in quality.

As we have several times announced
in our columns, the annual fair of the
Sagadahoc Agricultural Society will be
held in Topsham, Tuesday, Wednesday
and Thursday, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.

The Hampden town fair will be held
on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6
and 7.

communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

CHEMICALS AND CLOVER.

BY J. M. WHITE.

Much has been said in late years in re-
gard to "Fertilizer Farming," or "Shall
it be Bag or Barnyard?" and it has been
conceded by our foremost farmers that
those who use commercial fertilizers
liberally are the ones who are the most
prosperous, and I heartily agree with
them; but it is a question if the rotation
of the most of them may not be im-
proved upon.

We find that all grant the wisdom of
saving and using all the manure made
upon the farm, usually applying it to
sod, to be non-converted in the spring
and planted with corn, and the corn
crop is followed the next season with
potatoes, and after the potatoes are re-
moved the land is sown with wheat and
Timothy and clover the following spring;
then hay is cut two years. So the rota-
tion becomes a five years' one, corn, po-
tatoes and wheat one each, and wheat
two, and most of the fertilizer is applied
to the potatoes from 1,500 up to 3,000
lbs. per acre, and potatoes are thought to
be the crop producing the most money.
Now, as wheat is considered a no money
crop, would there not be more money if
the rotation should be changed from
five to four years, and instead of follow-
ing potatoes with wheat, they should be
followed by grass, sowing Timothy and
clover in the fall without grain, after
the potatoes are dug, and then hay can
be cut for two years, and then the sod
be planted with corn again. If the ro-
tation must be five years, why not have
the two years of corn, which is more of
a money crop than wheat, letting one
corn crop follow the other, and to keep
up fertility of the soil, and even make
it better, sow crimson clover in the corn
at the last working, and have it to turn
under the following spring.

Should any one say, that will give too
much nitrogen, the answer will be that
it would be rendered unnecessary to
purchase any for the potato crop which
is to follow, as a good crop can be se-
cured by the use of only potash and
phosphoric acid. The foregoing has
been proven by a series of experiments
on soil here; after being treated as
above, the addition of nitrogen did not
increase the yield over plots where only
potash and bone were used.
I am aware that there are those who
will say it is impracticable to sow grass
after potatoes and secure a good crop
of the next season, but here facts, which
are very stubborn things, come up to
deny the assertion. For a number of
years the writer, and many of his neigh-
bors, have practiced this with good re-
sults, and the practice is extending. We
grant that circumstances may alter cases,
and sometimes what one can do another
may not be able to accomplish, but we
believe that the cases are very rare where
it may not be done. I cannot find it
profitable for myself in this section to
grow any small grain, and no more corn
than enough for my teams. I keep no
stock on my place but my teams, one
cow, and breeding hogs to pasture my
orchards. I depend for crops on fruits,
cabbage, potatoes and asparagus, and well
understand that all are not situated the
same; but I cannot understand why the
majority of farmers cannot reduce their
expenses for manures very materially by
simply using more clover to avoid pur-
chasing nitrogen, which is the most ex-
pensive ingredient in all fertilizers. I
have given up buying horse or stable
manure, and depend wholly upon chemi-
cals and clover for plant food. In taking
this course I am not under the necessity,
except in rare cases, of purchasing nitro-
gen, and for that reason, not because
there are not plenty of honest manufac-
turers, I seldom buy mixed fertilizers,
because most of them have a larger per-
cent. of nitrogen than I require, and it is
very bad economy to buy what one does
not need. Therefore I depend on potash
and bone in addition to the clover, of
which I sow 30 to 40 acres each year,
sowing to plow under and to supplement
it. I buy on an average \$600 worth of
potash and bone, and consider myself
well repaid, for I find my yearly sales
range from \$3,500 to \$5,000.

It has been said, and truly, that
chemical analyses determine strength,
not quality, and that is particularly true
of some forms of nitrogen, as ground
leather. Now if one buys ingredients,
he can know what he gets and what he
is doing. Clover will not fool him in
nitrogen, and a chemist will readily tell
him if he is getting muriate, high grade
sulphate, double sulphate of potash, or
kainit, or if he is getting bone black,
bone meal, or S. C. Rock, and any re-
liable firm will be glad to sell him any of
these subject to analysis. Some forms
of potash have been objected to for some
crops, especially fruits, as containing too
much chlorine. My experience is that
almost all fruits adapted to our latitude
are benefitted as much by kainit as by
high grade potash. Potatoes are the only
crop for which I prefer high grade sul-
phate, and for that, because of the better
quality produced.

In using the two chemicals, potash and
bone, I do not consider it necessary to
mix them, but make two applications,
which is as easily done as to make two

Communications.

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saving and using all the manure made
upon the farm, usually applying it to
sod, to be non-converted in the spring
and planted with corn, and the corn
crop is followed the next season with
potatoes, and after the potatoes are re-
moved the land is sown with wheat and
Timothy and clover the following spring;
then hay is cut two years. So the rota-
tion becomes a five years' one, corn, po-
tatoes and wheat one each, and wheat
two, and most of the fertilizer is applied
to the potatoes from 1,500 up to 3,000
lbs. per acre, and potatoes are thought to
be the crop producing the most money.
Now, as wheat is considered a no money
crop, would there not be more money if
the rotation should be changed from
five to four years, and instead of follow-
ing potatoes with wheat, they should be
followed by grass, sowing Timothy and
clover in the fall without grain, after
the potatoes are dug, and then hay can
be cut for two years, and then the sod
be planted with corn again. If the ro-
tation must be five years, why not have
the two years of corn, which is more of
a money crop than wheat, letting one
corn crop follow the other, and to keep
up fertility of the soil, and even make
it better, sow crimson clover in the corn
at the last working, and have it to turn
under the following spring.

Should any one say, that will give too
much nitrogen, the answer will be that
it would be rendered unnecessary to
purchase any for the potato crop which
is to follow, as a good crop can be se-
cured by the use of only potash and
phosphoric acid. The foregoing has
been proven by a series of experiments
on soil here; after being treated as
above, the addition of nitrogen did not
increase the yield over plots where only
potash and bone were used.
I am aware that there are those who
will say it is impracticable to sow grass
after potatoes and secure a good crop
of the next season, but here facts, which
are very stubborn things, come up to
deny the assertion. For a number of
years the writer, and many of

Choice Miscellany.

A CHILD ASLEEP.

How he sleeps! Having drunken
Weary childhood's managings,
From his pretty eyes have sunk
Pleasures to make room for more—
Sleeping near the withered nosegay which he
pulled the day before.

Keenly! Leave them for the waking.
Throw them earthward where they grew.
Dim are such beds for the sleeping.
Amant's he looks unto.

Heaven, bowed, by shadows golden
From the palms they gathered beneath,
Now perhaps divinely hidden,
Swing against him in a wreath.

We may think so from the quickening of his
bloom and of his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth
While the young child dreameth on.
Fair, O dreamer, thou befall'st
With the glory of the heart's own.

Darker wert thou in the garden yester morn
by summer sun.

We should see the spirit's ringing
Round the heart the clouds away.
The child heart draws them, singing
In the silent room the day.

Singing! Stars that seem the music go in
music all the way.

As the moths around a taper,
As the bees around a rose,
So the spirits group and close
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking
its repose.

—New York Ledger.

TO HIS LADY.

[From the French of Pierre de Ronsard.]
When you are very old, and, by the candle's
flame,
Sitting beside the fire, you talk and spin and
sing
My songs of nights, then you will say, half
wondering,
"Ronsard in bygone days hath sung my beauty's
praise."

When those around thee hear this word, no
serving
Of this, already at her task half-slumbering,
Gut at the echo of my sweet words, and
With everlasting praise shall rise and blow
thy name.

But I, a formless ghost within the earth full
deep,
Beneath the myrtle shadows I shall lie asleep,
And before the fire art crooning, old and
gray,
Weeping for my lost love and for thy proud
deceit.

Wait not the morrow, but live now, if thou
wilt
With the dawn of the day, and with the
dew,
To hear me, Frank the roses of thy life today.

—E. R. Barker in Academy.

JUDITH.

Flower of youth in the ancient frame,
Maid of the mottled lip and eye,
Lightly wearing the fatal name,
And the ravish'd breast of daye!
Pink of fashion! Yet this is he
That once through midnight forest and fen
Guided the horsemen to the "Satan's"
And rode to the death of Marion's men.

Rare the picture that decks the wall;
Rare and dainty in life below
My century later bells of the bell,
Mocking the beauty of long ago
If now the summons should come to ride
Through such a darkness as brooded then,
How would it please thee to ride as guide
And where, ah, where were Marion's men?

Faint the logic that breeds the fear;
Buds will blossom, and pipes will play—
So it was in that early year,
So shall it be! till the world is gray—
But the potted daffodil, if need be, can
As with the saddle will wait again,
And those that follow will ride as free
As ever of old rode Marion's men.

—William Young in Century.

WORDS WITHOUT A RHYME.

English Language Contains Several Which
Are Hard to Run Against.

There are a dozen words in the English
language in everyday use for which
enterprising people have de-
scribed of ever finding a rhyme. The
word "month," for example, is one of
these. "Silver" is a word it seems
very easy to secure a rhyme for, but as
a matter of fact, trying to find something
to rhyme with "silver" nearly drove a
London writer of verse insane long ago.

As a last resort he advertised in the
newspapers and received but one reply.
It came from the master of verbal con-
struction, W. S. Gilbert, Sir Arthur Sul-
livan's erstwhile partner, who submi-
ted the word "chilver." He wasn't
quite clear, he said, as to what a chil-
ver might be, but he had seen the word
in advertisements of sales of farm stock
and had an idea, which is correct, that
it described a species of sheep.

"Orange" is another word without
rhyme. "Gulf" is also without an Eng-
lish partner, and "culm" and "cusp"
are alike solitary. Many poets who have
sought in vain for rhymes to "revenge"
and "avenge" will not be appalled when
they learn that but two exist—"pence"
and "stoucheuge." "Coif" is now, happily
for versifiers, growing obsolete, for there is no word which
rhymes with it. "Scarf" has been dar-
ingly linked at the end of a line with
"half" or "cait," but this is a practice
to be discouraged. "Scalp" rhymes only
with "Alp," but like "babe" and "astro-
labre," it would require a great deal of
ingenuity to find an excuse for bringing
these words into juxtaposition. "Palse"
has several connotations, by an abuse of
poetic license, been associated with
"valse," though the correct French pro-
nunciation of the latter word would de-
stroy the rhyme.

Of the names of places the African
town of Timbuktu has long been fa-
mous for being without rhyme. The
nearest success that any poet has ever
attained in this respect was when in
"casowary" was made to rhyme with
"missionary" and "Timbuktu" with
"this back too."—New York Press.

O'CONNELL'S ELOQUENCE.

He Had Some Stereotyped Ornaments
Which He Used Quite Freely.

Among the stereotyped ornaments of
his eloquence was a favorite reference
to "the majestic mountains and fertile
valleys of green Ireland." Once at
Athlone, in the very center of the flat
fertile of Ireland, he exclaimed in the
peroration of a patriotic speech, "Look
around, my friends, on the majestic
mountains," etc.—compliance with
which request would have severely tested
the optics of his audience.

Another time, when boasting at the
Corn Exchange of the great attendance
at a meeting he had recently addressed
at Kilkenny, he uttered Falstaff's 11 men
in buckram somewhat after the follow-
ing fashion: He began by stating the
numbers present at the meeting at 50,
000, "and who will deny," he contin-
ued, "that the cause must be important
and the purpose strong that could as-
semble together these 50,000 men? Let
no man say that they gathered merely
from a feeling of personal regard or
curiosity on my account. It would be
absurd to suppose that 100,000 men
would leave their homes to look at an
elderly and rather corpulent gentleman.
No, sir, when that peaceful army of
150,000 Irishmen congregated round

me, their presence spoke, trumpet

trumpet, their firm resolution never to
desist from the struggle until Ireland
should have her own parliament again.
"And their multitudinous masses
were as orderly and pacific as they were
resolute and determined. Oh, with
what unspeakable delight do I recognize
in the conduct of these 200,000 noble
fellows," etc. And thus sailed along,
upborne upon the swelling tide of his
imagination, each sentence adding at
least 50,000 to the previous amount
until at last he arrived at, I think,
300,000.—Newcastle (England) Chroni-
cle.

SIREN SONGS FOR GOPHERS.

How Florida Land Tortises are Lured Out
of Their Holes.

W. H. Gilbert, locksmith, astron-
omer, fisherman, scientist, hunter and
capitalist, is a great fancier of gopher
meat, and has thought of many ways of
catching the game.

Some time ago he learned that there
was a family living in the northwestern
part of the county which boasted of
young men who could "sing" gophers
out of their holes. He traveled many
miles to ascertain if the report was
really true.

The young men were reluctant at first
to give an exhibition that might reveal
their secret, but Mr. Gilbert had a
number of persuasives along and finally
they consented.

The young men equipped themselves
with a gunny sack and a pointed stick
about five feet long. A half mile from
the house, in the wire grass of the rolling
pine land, they found the hole of a
gopher. They covered the entrance of
his tunnel with a sack and planted the
stick over the tunnel. Then all of the
men lay down about 30 feet away and
one of them sang.

In a half hour the sack was seen to
move slightly, whereupon one of the
young men jumped up quickly and ran
to the stick, which he pressed deep into
the ground, cutting off the gopher's re-
treat. The other reached his hand into
the hole and brought out a big gopher,
which was made into a delicious stew
for their dinner. Mr. Gilbert, discus-
ing on the incident, says:

"I have since learned that the Mexi-
cans, who are very fond of gophers,
put a gunny sack over the hole of the
gopher, and sing to him, except that they
do not sing. The singing is entirely super-
fluous. Curiosity is what kills the gopher,
as it has killed the historic cat.
The animal evidently is curious to learn
what it is that has darkened the thresh-
old of his abode and comes forth to see
the stick does the rest. I have
tried the same plan myself and very
successfully."—Florida Times-Union.

FORESTALLING THIEVES.

Why Thomas A. Edison Patents Every-
thing He Invents.

As Thomas A. Edison watched from
the pumping of the air from a glass tube
in his laboratory one day two ago, a man
said to him:

"You patent every little thing you
discover, don't you, Mr. Edison?"

"I do," said Mr. Edison, "and do
you know why I do it?"

"I suppose you do it so you will reap
the benefit of your discovery," was the
reply.

"I thought you'd say that," said Mr.
Edison, "and I don't suppose you will
believe me when I tell you it isn't so.
Nevertheless, I discover a great many
things that I would be glad to give to
the public for nothing, but I don't dare.
I patent these things to save myself
from defending lawsuits. There are a
lot of sharks in this world who are con-
tinually on the lookout for new things,
and when one of them hears of some-
thing new, he tries to find out how to
use it if it is patented. If it isn't, he
claims it as an original discovery and
files his claim. Then he will turn right
around and, like as not, begin a suit
with the man who invented the thing
for making or using it. The inventor
will say: 'But I discovered this thing
first. I am the inventor.' He is referred
to the patent office, where he finds the
official claim of original invention. The
fact that the papers are filed long after
he made his discovery does not help
him, for all the other man does is to hire
a fellow to swear that he made the dis-
covery a month or two prior to the date
the inventor claims. It sounds ridicu-
lous, probably, but it is a fact that there
are often races between the inventors
and the sharks to reach the patent
office, the sharks having had early in-
formation about the inventor's discovery.
There are many such races and thou-
sands of dollars depend on each one.
What I say is literally true."—
New Ideas.

A Harlequin Without Money.

One evening, when returning from
the theater in a cab (sic), having or-
dered the coachman to drive to the Sun,
a tavern in Clare market, he threw
himself out of the coach window and
through the open window of the tavern
parlor just as the driver was about to
draw up. The man then descended from
the box, touched his hat and stood wait-
ing for his employer's slight find-
ing of length there was no one visible,
he brought a few blessings on the ac-
cused who had imposed upon him, re-
minded his box and was about to drive
off when Rich, who had been watch-
ing, vaulted back into the vehicle, and
putting his head out, asked, "Where
the devil are you driving to?" Almost
paralyzed with fear, the driver got
down again, but could not be persuaded
to take his fare, though he was offered
a shilling for himself, exclaiming:
"No, no! That won't do. I know you
too well for all your shoes, and so, Mr.
Devil, for once you're outwitted."—
Somerville.

Wonderful Mineral Lake.

The most wonderful lake of mineral
water in the world is Lake Owen, Cal.
It has a specific gravity of 1.076 and
contains 7,128.24 grains of solid matter
to the gallon. These grains of solid
matter are divided among the various
minerals as follows: Chloride of sodium
(common salt), 3,843 grains to the gal-
lon; sulphate of sodium, 966 grains; car-
bonate of sodium, 2,614 grains. Beside
the above each gallon of the water has
its proportion of sulphate and phosphate
of potassium, silica, aluminum, cal-
cium and iodide of magnesium.—St. Louis
Republic.

Useful Hints.

Rais have been found very useful in
cotton mills where the raw cotton has
been imperfectly ginned. In a Spanish
cotton mill the storeroom was invaded
by swarms of rats, who pulled the bales
to pieces to get at the seeds left in the
cotton. They did the work thoroughly,
without injuring the fiber in any way.

REAL DIAMOND JOE.

THE TRUE STORY OF A MAN OF FAME
AND WEALTH.

A Rough Character Who Accumulated
\$7,000,000—How He Got His Name—He
Was a Great Plunger—How He Died, as
Told by the Doctor Who Was With Him.

No name is more familiar to the
miner west, and few more so to the cap-
italist, than that of Diamond Joe Rey-
nolds. All sorts of stories have been cir-
culated about his life, how he got his
name, and when and where he died.

Some are true, others fiction. We were
all gathered about the board of a miners'
table at Cripple Creek, Colo., when the
following narratives were told by Dr.
Sydney R. Bartlett, the mine expert,
who had been a roommate at Harvard
of Blake Reynolds, the only son of the
famous Joe.

The doctor was also an expert in the
employment of Reynolds and played an im-
portant and gruesome part at the time
of the old man's death. Colorado min-
ers and ores were discussed, and then the
conversation turned on Arizona, when
the doctor was spoken of, and, with it,
its former owner, Diamond Joe.

"He was the sharpest man on a bargain,
and withal the most generous man, I've
ever known," said the doctor. "He was
lame—hip disease, which was brought
on when he was a boy. It illustrated
the stuff he was made of. He had a
jackknife, and in drinking at an air-
line in the ice-dispensing parlor, Rey-
nolds went to his house, got an ax and
chopped a hole in the ice large enough
to admit his body and died in, secured
his knife, and caught a cold resulting
in a disease which lamed him for life.

He told me," continued the doctor,
"that he started at 18 years of age with
\$25, with which he bought a \$45 heater,
leaving him \$30 in debt, and from that
time up to his dying day he had never
been out of debt, despite the fact that
he left \$7,000,000.

"The true story of his getting the
name of Diamond Joe was in this wise:
Joe Davidson owned a number of steam-
ing plying on the upper Mississippi,
while Joe Reynolds owned boats run-
ning south on the river to New Orleans.

Both lines were known as the Joe
steamers, and all bales and goods were
marked via Joe line. The confounding
of the two resulted in Reynolds drawing
a diamond around the Joe on all goods
shipped, and thereafter he was Diamond
Joe, and in no way did the appellation
come from the fact that he had a fond-
ness for wearing the precious stone.

"As a plunger the old man has had
few equals. One of the greatest was the
Del Paco mine in Arizona, but its turn-
ing out badly only strengthened his de-
termination to secure a world beater,
and it was about this time he set his
heart on the Congress mine, which even
today is one of Arizona's greatest pro-
ducers. He paid \$89,000 for the prop-
erty, and it was 65 miles from Prescott,
and he had no railroad. It was here the
old man died. I went out to make an ex-
amination of the old property for
Reynolds and handled assays and the
requisition department of the place, and
they were lively days out there. The
story of Reynolds' death has not been
repeated correctly, so I'll tell you the
facts.

"It was in February, 1890, and the
rains were on. Outside of the mill we
had a little shanty, a bunkhouse, and
here we all slept. Never shall I forget
that February night. He had been com-
plaining for several days, though he
was up and about the mine and mill
each day.

"One afternoon he was taken down
suddenly, and I understood him and put
him to bed in one of my own night-
gowns. Toward evening he grew worse,
and the storm outside was fearful. About
6 o'clock I knew he was dying. His
desperate efforts to breathe were fright-
ful. His head was on my shoulder.

Then it was the thought struck me of
getting his body to Prescott, for we had
no ice, and it was a mighty bad road,
covering 60 miles, and a storm was
made at midnight, if the one train daily
out of Prescott was to be caught.

"About 9 o'clock I ordered the mill
carpenter to come to the bunkhouse and
whispered to him to knock some boards
together into a coffin, and in a few
minutes above the blowing outside I
could hear the nails being driven home
in poor old Joe's coffin and he not dead.

"I was pretty tough, I assure you, and
the night made things seem worse. About
midnight he died, and by 1 o'clock in
the morning we had the body in the
cradle coffin, on one of the wagons, with
its relay of six mules and its Mexican
drivers, and the start to Prescott was
made. It took the outfit just 24 hours to
make the trip, and we caught the one
train out of Prescott. It was a sad end-
ing of a great man, and a terrible jour-
ney."

"And what became of the mine?"
asked one of the men at the table.

"It sold," said the doctor, "for \$1,
600,000."—Philadelphia Times.

Boston.

At the present time many Bostonians
are about to give a final "V" in the like
Bar Harbor, which they pronounce as
if spelled Bah-Hah-bah. As though to
compensate for this loss, Bostonians are
apt to insert an "l" when a word ends
in a vowel, particularly when the next
word begins with a vowel. Helena is
pronounced with a slight final
"n," distinctly audible in a combina-
tion like Helena-r Abbott.—Notes and
Queries.

Arizona Camels.

The old story of an immense herd of
camels roaming about in Arizona has
been revived again and is going the
rounds in the press. The Arizona Re-
publician, after saying that the story
has been denied for years, declares that
there is not a camel to be found any-
where within the borders of Arizona.
But it expects to find the story bub-
bling up again, next year, except that
the herd of camels will be much larger.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medi-
cine ever contained so great curative power in
so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, al-
ways effective, always sat-
isfactory, never a cold
or fever, cure all liver ills,
stomach, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c.
The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S SONS.

They Were an Energetic Lot, but Had
Few Other Good Qualities.

Princes Lucien Bonaparte was the best
of the four sons of Lucien I. The others
made the states of the church too hot to
hold them. All had impetuous, master-
ful tempers and literary and archaic
tastes. In different ways each con-
tributed to bleed the late emperor of mon-
ey. They were brought up at Muguano
among the Etrurian remains which their
father disintegrated during more
than 20 years, to the enrichment of
most of the great museums of Europe.

Pierre and Antoine lived like ban-
ditti, carrying off women and shooting
the men who went to stop or came to
arrest them. Pierre fired his final shot
at Victor Noir, at Autenil, and killed him.

The eldest, whom I remember as a
daughter of his uncle Joseph. He re-
volted against the pope, was president
of the Roman constitution, and such a
violent domestic tyrant that his wife
ran away to Paris to supplicate the em-
peror to protect her and her son—the
future cardinal.

The Prince of Musignano met this by
threatening to publish certain papers of
the first Lucien proving over and over
again the dissonance of Josephine and
Horace. Louis Napoleon bought these
documents at his cousin's price. The
death of the wife, Zenaide, put an end
to the feud. The late Prince Lucien,
who obtained a civil list pension of
\$250 a year—about the fourth of the en-
tire fund—figured in Paris during the
second republic as an ultra liberal. He
played this card until he got a large
sum of money and a senatorship. This
was his honor, as he had to live out
of France.

Antoine, the youngest of the four
brothers, led a charmed life. His life
was spared by the pope at the supplica-
tion of Lady Dudley Stuart and her
mother. The papal government banished
him, and he went to Greece, where he
got into another serious scrape. In New
York he had the narrow escape of be-
ing lynched for forgetting that he was
not at Musignano. Thence he went to
Mexico and Panama, with a scheme in
his head that he and Louis had talked
over at Bordentown for making an in-
ter-oceanic canal. He laid the egg at
Columbia (?) which his cousin Lucien
Wylie and De Lesseps hatched 15 years
ago. Thus, had the man sent to arrest
Antoine about, instead of being shot by
him, the Panama bubble would not
have been inflated in our time.—Paris
Letter in London Truth.

Teaching Them English.

The simple and effective method of
teaching English to the children of Ital-
ians, Portuguese, Polish and German
Jews used in the north and schools of
Boston might profitably be adopted by
other cities which are obliged to face
the fact that within their borders are
thousands of foreign children who know
nothing of the customs, institutions or
language of this country. A writer in
the Boston Transcript thus describes the
method:

"The children, within a few days after
their arrival, are sent to the public
schools, as a rule without compulsion,
and here they are first of all taught the
English language. It is done by a sys-
tem of object lessons. The teachers in
the elementary rooms are young women,
as men would not be patient enough to
accomplish the best results.

"The teacher may point to her eye and
say, 'This is my eye,' repeating it sev-
eral times, and requiring the pupils to
repeat it in unison. Other portions of
the body are pointed out in a similar
manner, and then familiar objects in
the room are in the same way brought
to the attention of the children.

Later, when they have made sufficient
progress in the language, it becomes de-
sirable to teach the different tenses. To
accomplish this, a boy or girl is directed
to run slowly round the room, when the
teacher and children say in unison,
"That boy is running," repeating the
sentence several times. The boy is then
told to halt, and the teacher and pupils
say in unison, "That boy did run";
again, "That boy is standing still";
again, "That boy can run"; "That boy
is walking"; "That boy walks fast";
"I can walk"; "I did walk";
etc.

These and other sentences, as they
are spoken, are written on the black-
board by the teacher, and the pupils
write them on their slates. Thus they
are taught the language and taught to
spell, read and write almost simultane-
ously.

The Compass Plant.

The compass plant is one of the odd-
est creations of the vegetable king-
dom. It derives its name from the fact
that its leaves always point directly
north and south. You are out on com-
pass, since it testifies to a greater de-
velopment of the notorial centers at the
expense of the other cerebral centers.

But usually this physical energy is not
properly used in the ordinary life of the
criminal and finds outlet and enjoyment
in sports.

Another characteristic of the game
of criminals is the admiration shown
for physical force, manifested in the
docility with which the vanquished in
such sports submit to the brutality of
the victors, a thing observed among
savages.

Finally the insensibility to pain ex-
hibited in sports of criminals proves
that such men are less acute in their
physical senses as well as less sensitive
to the pains of others, since what seems
to others unendurable is only the usual
thing with criminals. As the drunkard,
his taste hardened by alcohol, has
need of a stimulant constantly, so the
criminal, his nervous system demands
stimulants so strong that to the ordinary
steady going individual they would be ac-
tually painful.—Pearson's Weekly.

Did Not Dream on Him.

"If you chose, you could be the light
of my life," said he when they met at
the ball.

"Yes," she said for want of anything
better to say.

"Yes. But whenever I call, you are
out."—Indianapolis Journal.

It Levels Rank.

In the London Pioneer Club for Women,
to which all the "advanced" women
belong, there is a simple device for lev-
eling all the members, irrespective of
their rank and title. Members are
known by numbers instead of names.

On joining, each woman is given a
number, based on the order of her mem-
bership, and to some extent she is known
by the number, although addressing a
person by her name is not prohibited.

Re. 2,903 may be a countess or a du-
chess, but, being an "advanced" woman,
she is not vain of her worldly position
and would rather be known by the num-
bers than by her title.—Pearson's
Weekly.

CRIMINALS AT PLAY.

THE CRUEL WAYS IN WHICH THEY
"AMUSE" THEMSELVES.

The Test In All Their Games Is the Ability
to Bear Pain—In Italian Prisons Surgeons
Are Always in Demand to Patch Up the
"Players."

Mario Carara, a disciple of Cesare
Lombroso, the Italian expert in criminal
anthropology, has made a special
study of the sports that criminals en-
gage in. The innocent games of child-
hood, in the case of criminals, are tinctured
with cruelty and sometimes ac-
companied by homicide.

Criminals skip the rope, but part of
the game is to trip up the jumper and
let him fall heavily upon the stone pave-
ment.

Criminals play leapfrog, but the ob-
ject of the game is that he who makes
the "back" shall rise suddenly and vio-
lently just as the frog mounts and throw
him to the ground.

The criminals play blind man's buff,
but the man with the bandaged eyes
carries a handkerchief bearing in one
corner a jagged stone, a piece of hard,
sharpened wood or a bit of iron. With
this weapon he strikes those whom he
pursues.

Another remarkable form of this
game is for the blinded one to be struck
by one or another of his companions if
he fails to name the one that touches
him. The penalty is not the innocent
one of the children's game, but a blow
so severe that a physician has often to
be called in after a game is over, and
occasionally the sufferer is disabled for
some time.

It has been found in those Italian re-
formatories where prisoners are not
kept in solitary confinement that pris-
oners' games are often accompanied
with bloodshed, and that it is almost
impossible to prevent cruelties. This is
especially true where prisoners work to-
gether, for they secrete tools and use
them in the most brutal manner.

In one of these games the player has
in each hand a stick, having fixed in
the end a keen metallic point. He in-
terweaves his arms, revolving the sticks
with rapidity, and the game is for an-
other prisoner to thrust his head be-
tween the arms and endeavor to follow
the revolutions of the sticks without
being wounded. It usually happens that
he receives 15 or 16 wounds and comes
out with a bleeding head, while now
and then mortal injuries are received.

The victim in another game has his
eyes bandaged and places his palm upon
a table, with fingers spread fanlike.
Another criminal repeatedly strikes be-
tween the fingers with a pointed instru-
ment. If he wounds a finger, then the
two eyes are closed, and woe to the man
who refuses the exchange. The game is
dangerous, although the criminals as-
sert that the wounds to the fingers are
not deep or severe, because, they say,
the metallic points are too short and do
not penetrate far, a grim form of philo-
sophy.

The sport of criminals is accompanied
by characteristic craft. This is especial-
ly shown in the methods in which the
newcomer is initiated into prison life.
The novice is conducted into an im-
vised court chamber, where the judges
are his fellow prisoners. He is placed
upon a stand and gravely tried upon a
pretended charge, and he has barely
been condemned when the stand is sud-
denly drawn away, so that he is thrown
violently upon the earth.

Many games necessarily imply resist-
ance to pain as an absolute condition of
success. For example, there is the game
of "needles." One of the players places
his closed fists upon the table, holding
steadily two needles, one in each hand,
the points being slightly exposed. It is
the game then for a companion to strike
with his own fists those of the other
and become a question of endurance
between the two, in which the player
with the needles and the one whose fists
are beaten by the other's knuckles.

There are contests in which the fin-
gers and hands are deeply wounded,
and the scars are an honorable distinc-
tion.

The characteristic feature of all these
games, which are the recreation exclu-
sively of criminals in prison, is the love
of combat. If, as is held by experts,
sports are the means of working off the
superfluous activity of life, it is evident
that superfluous activity, in the case of
prisoners, is especially powerful. It has
been noted in the case of prisoners that
there is a prevalence of great agility and
litheness, which Professor Lombroso
considers a negative evidence of mental
weakness, since it testifies to a greater
development of the notorial centers at the
expense of the other cerebral centers.

But usually this physical energy is not
properly used in the ordinary life of the
criminal and finds outlet and enjoyment
in sports.

COOKING is famous. It is in General Use throughout New England. The foundation is to its which

RANGE

It Never Fails, it Saves Time and

Minimizes Fuel, being fitted with only in the MAGEE RANGES:

Rock-Ash Grate, Heat Indicator, Etc.

will use no other. Endorsed by the authorities on Cooking, and

in Cooking Apparatus.

32-38 UNION ST. BOSTON.

27 NEW MONTGOMERY ST. SAN FRANCISCO.

NOT MADE TO ORDER.

I have must be quite small, I said.

your tall women—quite petite.

as that must prove to be raised to

white hands and little, dancing

we met, here, in that hour divine

best eyes looked level into mine.

the gentle—woman's chiefest charm;

submissive to my lightest frown."

my heart is lying at your feet.

perceptibly you smiled it down

on my willing slave from day to day,

to love, to honor, to obey.

he fair.

our rounded cheeks

and brows do meet in sweetest

at dusk in your heavy hair,

black lashes added beauty lend

down eyes, where darkly written

in lovers' love's shy obscurity.

—Pearson's Weekly.

LIGATOR SENSE.

I have Much Before They Are

Hundred Years Old.

you know," said Colonel Ben

coming back in his chair, "that

are the most affectionate crea-

earth? It's a fact. And they're

How do I know? Haven't I

om? Ain't there an alligator

old in Des Allemands bayou

work his tail to the bone for

asked him to? Say, you make

What are you laughing at?

gallon of molasses and a long

little and I'll show you how to

gators. It's the easiest thing

They're so affectionate.

one 23, 1887, I went to Des

bayou fishing. A negro named

Fortier had just caught an al-

60 years old. I could tell by

around him. You can't train

alligator. That's funny, ain't

Baptist to sell him to me.

\$4.95, and Jim, that's the

name, was mine. I put a

ound his neck. Then I got me

filled bottle, filled it with mol-

walked up to him. He opened

to nab me. That was my

shoved the neck of the bottle

mouth, just back of his ears.

alligator has no teeth. I tilted

up. Jim tasted the molasses

wagging his tail. He broke

leg, but that was an ac-

as gentle as a setter dog

he tasted the molasses

him a lot of pretty tricks—

chew tobacco. Finally I

him up to a boat. He looked

me to see what I wanted. I

ever the side of the boat and

him a little. Then he under-

if he would. When I pulled

he around his neck, he was

for a minute, but he soon

and now when I go to Des

al's I never have to hire any-

middle my canoe. Jim attends

me anywhere I want to go.

do you know Jim is as glad

whenever I pass that way as

relative of mine. What's that?

It's the truth. Ask Baptist.

care of Jim for me while I am

—New Orleans Times-

Woman's Department.

AN EVERY DAY SERMON.

BY OLIVE E. DANA.

The preacher of it has no "Rev." before his name, nor ever will. He is not a theologian, nor even an accredited lay-preacher, but plain Thomas Smith. And though his gift of expression,—such as it is,—is, at least, unusual, it is not probable that in his wildest flights of fancy, and these, too, are uncommon, he has ever conceived of himself as a preacher. And he is equally unconscious of pointing a moral for any other.

For the sermon,—text and context, enlargement and illustration and application,—are himself. It is what he is, that makes the sermon,—what he is, and what one fancies he may long ago have had some half-hearted, indeterminate hope or expectation of being. Neither his abilities nor his personality to-day give any hint of this. The loose-jointed, shuffling, untidy figure, the inquisitive, intelligent, half-vacant eyes, the whims and crochets in which a certain petty selfishness disguises itself, his shambling, half-hearted industry when he assumes the role of employee, and the marks of days between spent in ways even less commendable,—these suggest only by sheer force of contrast what he may have been and meant to be.

He would doubtless be a tramp had he the physical and mental hardihood to join openly that brotherhood. As it is, he belongs to the class only too familiar to the farmer-folk as "cheap help,"—a kind which is apt to be very costly in the end.

He awakens the wrath of the farmer who, for lack of better assistance, ventures to employ him, by a hundred petty negligences, half-done tasks and misinterpreted commands out-of-doors, and tries the patience of the house-mother with as many uncouth and indolent and untidy habits within doors. And then, when neither can endure it longer, or he grows "tired" of "working," he betakes himself to some friend a little more industrious, or provident, or fortunate than he, with whom he stays till he becomes too great a burden, and then the story is repeated.

He has a quite incredible satisfaction with himself and his attainments, and yet he is fond of indulging in reminiscences, and speculations as to what he might have been, had fortune been kinder, or events more propitious. And through the medium of these never-ending recollections and speculations of his, one catches a glimpse of the flickering purpose which doubtless lighted for a little his earlier manhood, but which the first breath of that wind of opposing circumstance, which only fans a really vital purpose into a sturdy flame, long since blew out.

A man's words are an unerring record of his habitual thoughts and aims, and of his success in realizing them. The word oftenest on this man's lips, and on those of his kin and kind,—is "If." "If I had had a little help just then!" "If I had had an education!" "If I had had a start in business!" "If I had had some friends to help me into something!" "If I had only had that man's chance."

These and a thousand other laments like them come unbidden to his tongue, and they all have one conclusion,— "Then, I might have been somebody." "It might have been quite a man."

As if the making of manhood was dependent on these, or any other of the accidents of life. Nature herself, in this degraded, rugged New England country of ours, tells us otherwise. She makes men among her rocky hills, and along her bleak coasts, between the North winds, and the salt spray of her forbidding shores, haunted by dangers whose commonness, only keeps them from being obvious, as they are essentially, tragical, on the other; under the ferozities of her two-briar winters, and the rigors of lingering winters,—a manhood in whose veins, tested by tasks diverse, searching, intricate, lofty, compelling and beneficent,—the world has found little lack of vigor.

Far be it from me to deny the need or deprivation of any life, or to attempt to explain or presume to understand, the mystery of God's bestowals or withholdings. His benefactions are real enrichments,—helps to the discovery and use of the mind's own resources. Who can say what any of us had been, with either more or less of the gifts of either His grace or His providence? Or who can estimate how the one determines the search or fullness of the other? And him, the being has its own affinities, its own faculties of receptivity and growth,—a very hunger is an index of supply,—possibly near at hand, perhaps farther away, and less obvious, that its own energy and discrimination may be involved thereby. Earth's fullness,—whether of knowledge, or wisdom, or, for example, or of material resource,—are our tools and our treasure, the wealth for our rightful using. But the mind and heart must mate and outgrow these with energies and resources of their own, before either is capable of that use and fruition and attainment. That life gives to us is of less worth and importance than what it finds and begets in us.

And so one may take the text so gratuitously given, become, alas! so frequent and familiar, and say, perceiving that it indeed the keynote of life's harmonies, "I will do something with this life of his, he must needs use the capacity and the resources that are plainly within his reach."

If one will have, by and by, the mastery of circumstance, he must begin its subjugation early; if he will attain self-control, and a clear perception of the needs and values of life, he must be content to obey the small mandates of conscience now, as well as give heed to its broader ones; and must not resist the petty exercise of patience.

If one would have a well-stored mind, an understanding of affairs, a vision of that has been wrought for man in the world, and by him upon it, of the "inward meaning" purpose," that "downward through the ages runs" and would see how

PRAISE FROM PULPITS.

Distinguished Clergymen Recommend People to Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Grand Army Chaplain Buffum, Missionary to India Miller, Presiding Elder Walker, Praise Nervura. The Best Medicine You Can Take.



REV. E. J. MILLER, MISSIONARY TO INDIA.

There is nothing in the world so good to take to make you well and strong as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Testimonials by thousands from all classes of people have been published, showing its marvelous effects in making the sick well, the weak strong, and now our clergymen have become interested, and for the people's good urge them to use this wonderful cure. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, in order to get well, for they are convinced that it is the most valuable medicine in the world to-day.

Rev. E. J. Miller of Albion, N. Y., the eminent divine, who represents the Boston Tremont Temple Society as missionary to India, was broken down with overwork, liver trouble and malaria, and is now on a vacation in search of health, has found both health and strength in the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. He says:

"I returned to America broken in health, with a bad catarrh, neuralgia and stomach and liver trouble. The whole top of my head felt numb, so that at times I was robbed of my thinking powers, and could not do any work with ease. Having consulted a number of doctors and taken their medicines, I received no relief whatever."

"I was induced to try Dr. Greene's Nervura, which worked like a charm and produced the longed-for results. My head and whole system is now clear from catarrh, neuralgia and fever. I can now study and do my work with satisfaction. In fact, I feel like a new man."

we hear the remark, "I do not want my girl to work as hard as I have," and so the daughter is allowed to spend her time in reading, playing the piano, or with companions of her own age, while the mother does the work herself, through the mistaken idea that she is making life easier and happier for the child. Easier for the present it may be; but let us look ahead, into the future. The mother dies, and the duties of her father's household devolve upon the daughter. Or the daughter marries and goes to a home of her own. In either case it depends very much upon her early training whether her duties are only parts that help to make up a pleasant home life, or whether each day's work, as it comes, is a burden almost too great to be borne.

The hands, willing though they may be, are not skilled as are those who have been accustomed from childhood to the many kinds of labor that have to be performed in every household. The mind, try as it may, cannot plan so as to take advantage of the work, and, as the saying is, "make one hand wash the other," and the result is that the work soon gets the advantage of her, and looms up in such gigantic proportions that the tired girl gives up in despair, and settles down to the fact that she must always be one of those unfortunate ones who work hard early and late, but whose work is always behind hand.

She feels that there is a lack for which she can never make up. How different would have been the case if the child had been given some light household duties suited to her age, and these supplemented by others as she grew older, or others substituted for them, until when old enough to leave school, she could assume the cares of the household, and with her mother for teacher and adviser, learn the many lessons that would fit her to grace the home of any man, be he President or day laborer, and the mother would have the chance to enjoy a much needed rest. Mothers, let us give our daughters at least a year's experience in the management of the household, and the performance of its duties, before they go out to homes of their own. They will think it hard, possibly, but in after years they will have cause to be grateful for it.

But besides the household, there is another field in which I would give

in health and strength. "I therefore feel it my duty and great pleasure to recommend this excellent remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, which certainly has done so much for me."

Rev. F. H. Buffum of Winchester, N. H., who is Grand Army Chaplain for New Hampshire, says:

"The remedial effect of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy on the weakness and nervous prostration of my wife was so positive and speedy, that we can heartily testify to its undoubted merits."

Presiding Elder Rev. J. W. Walker of Fort Dodge, Iowa; Rev. C. D. R. Meacham, pastor Baptist church, Townsend, Vt.; Rev. G. L. Wells of Hardwick, Vt.; Rev. Henry Langford of Weston, Vt., and many other well known ministers of the Gospel in all parts of the country, all of whom have been cured by this great remedy, enthusiastically urge the people to use Dr. Greene's Nervura by all means, if they wish to be sure of a cure, for health and strength always follow its use.

Remember that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is no common patent medicine, but the prescription of one of our best-known physicians, the discovery of Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, hence, the medicine is of necessity perfectly adapted to cure. Dr. Greene also can be consulted free, personally or by letter, in regard to any case.

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the daughter special training, and that is the making of her own clothes. Many women we see who have to hire their dresses made, and still others who hire all their sewing done, because, as they say, they have no "knack" for it. To my mind the lack comes, in very many cases, from want of practice in their young days. Teach the girl to sew, but not by making them sew patchwork "over and over," so many squares in a day—towards a quilt—the making of which seems an endless undertaking to them. Give them dolls, not too small, but just large enough so that their clothes may have some size and shape to them, and then give them cloth and patterns, and let them cut and make clothes themselves. Never mind if they do spoil the cloth at first. The best part of worn out dresses of their own will do to begin on, and with a little instruction as to the laying on of patterns, they will learn many lessons which will be of value to them in later years.

As the girls grow larger, give them larger dolls, and teach them to finish seams, work buttonholes, etc., in the same way their own clothes should be done. Encourage them in playing with their dolls, too. A girl of fourteen, or even less, is often told that she is too old to play with dolls; but she is far better off playing with dolls than walking the streets with the boys, or with girls of her own age, trying to attract the attention of the opposite sex, as they may so often be seen in our cities and villages. And when she lays aside her dolls, you will be surprised to find how much she can do towards making her own clothes.

In these days when well fitting patterns may be bought for a small sum, a girl who has dressed her own dolls, and been taught to do it properly, may save her parents or her husband, when she gets one, many a bill of expense. Teach them to care for their clothes too, and to see that a garment is never laid aside for the season until it is clean and well aired, repaired, if repairs are needed, and ready for the next season's use. Many a woman is thriftless, and therefore extravagant from lack of training on these points.

As the daughter gets older and ready to leave school, the question as to what she shall do to earn her own living becomes an important one, for not many of our New England girls want to stay at home and be supported by their parents; and here is where a mother needs to exercise the utmost wisdom in aiding her child in choosing her vocation in life. If your circumstances are such that she does not really need to work for her own support, show her that by staying at home and relieving you of the care of the household, she is earning her own living as much as if she were in school, shop or store, and thus permit her to feel that independence which is the heritage of all true American girls.

But if, on the other hand, she needs to do her share towards the support of the family, or at least relieve her father of her support, help her to choose wisely and well. A majority of girls in such cases try teaching; but there are many teachers for every school, and unless she is peculiarly adapted to teaching, she would better do something else. But if she has a talent for teaching, send her to a training school to be well fitted for the work. No one would expect a full fledged doctor or lawyer to emerge from the common schools with no further training. Why then do so many girls ask for and expect to obtain schools, with no special preparation for a teacher's calling? Anybody can "keep school," but it is teachers we want for our children. If you can't afford to send her, then a knowledge of housework will help her to secure the necessary funds. Many girls pay their own way through such institutions, and they are the ones who appreciate their advantages and make the most of them.

The life of a girl in a shop, store, or factory is the life of a slave, with long days and small pay, taking the most of her wages for board, and requiring more and better clothes than she can find money to pay for, and in nine cases out of ten she is obliged to associate with people who would not be tolerated in her mother's home.

Musical teaching is a genteel occupation, but people want to employ only the best of teachers, and to become one of the best requires not only a more than ordinary talent, but an immense stock of patience, and much money. And unless the extraordinary talent is there, it is worse than folly to expend the patience and money. But when our American girls are competent and willing to assume the homely duties of housework, then will dawn a new era. People know how to appreciate good help when they get it, and our girls need have no fear that they will be looked down upon. On the contrary they will be respected more than many of them are now; and they can have a better home, better clothes, more money, and more time for self-improvement than if they were in shop, store or factory. Let us, then, mothers, in the Grange, teach our daughters to work. Let the daughters, instead of the mothers, prepare the food for the harvest feasts which we all enjoy. Let us not do the work ourselves, because it is easier than to train them, but teach them because it is for their best good. And finally, let us teach them to say nothing and listen to nothing they should not want mother to hear, and we shall have girls whom the Grange will be proud to own and the community bound to respect.

Are You Tired?
All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headaches.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.—Coleridge.

What custom wills, in all things should we do.

The first on antique time would life unsway, And mountainous error be too highly heaped For truth to overpeer.

WHY THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH DID NOT SELL OUT HIS BUSINESS.

From the Press, Portland, Me.

Alva Bagley, the blacksmith, of Waterboro Centre, Me., seventy years of age, and has been swinging a hammer right in his shop for thirty-four years, with the exception of the summer and autumn of 1884, when he was the victim of a severe attack of rheumatism, and for some months was unable to do any work at all.

Every one in Waterboro Centre and the surrounding country who knew Mr. Bagley, and there is hardly a farmer in the eastern part of York county who does not know the honest "smith," thought that his life work was nearly ended.

When the writer approached the blacksmith shop, the ringing notes of the hammer on the anvil were plainly heard, and on entering the building the reporter could not see the blacksmith for some minutes because of the flying sparks from the heated iron he was welding. When the fiery cloud had cleared away and the iron was again heating in the forge, Mr. Bagley readily told of his almost miraculous cure of the rheumatism by the use of the Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I don't like to have my name appear in the paper, as a rule," said Mr. Bagley, who, although he is seventy years old, does not look to be half of that age, "but for the benefit of those people who are suffering from rheumatism in its worst form, as I suffered from it, I am willing to tell of my experience."

"In the summer of 1884, just at my busiest time of year, when I always have all the work that I can do, my right shoulder became so lame and ached so much that I could not swing a hammer. I kept at my work, but I was in pain and lameness for about a week, and then saw a doctor. He said that I had a severe attack of rheumatism, but he could do nothing for me, although I took his medicine for some weeks. Finally I was obliged to quit work, and had to see all my business go by the door of my shop to another blacksmith some miles away. This would have been bad enough itself, but in addition to this, I suffered the torture of the damned from my shoulder, which would pain me so much at night that I could not sleep. It began to look as if I must give up my business for good, and consider my life work ended. My son wrote me from Boston to sell out my shop and come up and live with him, and my daughter, Mrs. Emma V. Roberts, of East Waterboro, also wanted me to give up my work. But I was in my mind that I would stick to the shop, in which I had worked since 1852, and would not sell out to any one so long as I could move around. I am glad I have now, for although I am seventy years old I feel as well and as just as active, as far as I can see, as I was thirty years ago."

"While suffering in this way from rheumatism, I read in the Press of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and although I had tried dozens of other remedies without success, I decided to give these pills a trial. After taking one box I was able to go back into my shop and do a little work, and with two or three boxes the rheumatism had entirely disappeared, and I have never felt a twinge from it from this time on."

"This remedy seemed to give me a new lease of life, and I have done more work in the past two years than I have been able to do for many years. I would cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to any one who is suffering from rheumatism."

Forrestor Collins, of Waterboro Centre, was also seen by a Press reporter, and said that he knew of Mr. Bagley's miraculous cure, and that whatever had been said by Mr. Bagley about the remedy could be relied on as perfectly correct, as the blacksmith has an excellent reputation in Waterboro Centre, and is a man in whom the utmost confidence may be placed.

Other people in Waterboro Centre have used Pink Pills with great benefit to themselves, and the whole town has the greatest confidence in this wonderful remedy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all other weaknesses. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents each, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Influence of Women's Clubs.
Mr. Walter Damrosch, the distinguished musician and composer of New York, says of the women's clubs of the west: "The especially interesting features of the artistic life in western towns are the women's clubs, and in these the cultural and intellectual life seem to be centered. They have a tremendous influence, and it is through their efforts that fine concerts are given and that the artists are persuaded to come there. We know very little in New York of what happens in other cities of the country, but it would surprise New Yorkers to see the activity with which the club women advance the interests of culture in western towns."

A Pretty Teacloth.
A tealoch a yard square is made from pale blue linen ornamented by renaissance lace braid in cream white. These braids are laid on the stamped design and sewed down along the edges. The design itself is a wide band in conventional figures that extend diagonally across the cloth in leaves and flowers. The same design is used in the corners. Each side the band there is applied a wide band of torchon lace in a beautiful open pattern. The same lace is used as a frill around the cloth. The design would be pretty for a bedcover, or a table cover if worked on pale green or canary colored linen.—New York Post.

Will Wear a Police Star.
Mrs. S. V. Root of St. Paul has been appointed by Mayor Moran as a special police officer, possessing full power to make arrests. Mrs. Root will not patrol a beat, yet she will wear a star. She desired the appointment to aid her work in connection with the Rescue home, an institution for the reformation of fallen women, with which she has long been connected.

Mrs. Louise Agassiz.
Mrs. Louise Agassiz, wife of Professor Agassiz, is sometimes called the godmother of Radcliffe college, which is the woman's department of Harvard. It was Mrs. Agassiz who first thought of naming the college for Anne Radcliffe, the first woman who ever made a bequest to the institution.

Items of Maine News.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

Merit Talks

to druggists, or mailed post-paid on receipt of price.
Baker Mill Co., Bangor, Me.

The Sidney Fair.
It was a severe cold day for the Fair at Sidney, Wednesday, but the people never let a little thing like that stand in the way, and they came out in large numbers. The showing of horses, colts and stock was small, owing to the very cold weather, many not caring to risk

as, the work of stupidity and foolishness goes on.


ACCIDENTS.

Frank Libby, an employé at S. D. Warren & Co.'s paper mills, in Westbrook, while assorting rags from Japan or China, Wednesday, found a peculiar looking metallic article. On examining, he picked it and an explosion followed, shattering his hand and lacerating his

Towns in New England

RACES AT RIGBY.

In our last issue we gave the summary of the first day's races, and the storm of Tuesday necessitated a postponement until Wednesday. Below we present the summaries of the remaining races. The exhibitions against time are given else-



Hemorrhage and Consumption.
Mrs. Sarah J. Gain, London, O., says:
 "Hemorrhage of the Lungs and Consumption have afflicted me for years. This winter my health was in a more precarious condition than ever and my family thought my days on earth were few. In this emergency

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| rimely & Conry, it was from a very severe attack of slow fever. | of Kennebec. 2448 | F. J. C. LITTLE, Assignee. |
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Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
MY GARDEN IN AUTUMN.
BY BERTHA F. HILLMAN.
Nothing is left of my beautiful garden
But the place where it used to be.
Brown and withered blossoms,
And a fair, sweet memory.
The perfume of the pure flowers,
That was exhaled on the summer air,
Has been wafted by gentle breezes
To the unknown land of somewhere.
The bees they still are humming
O'er flowers which now grow rare;
The birds are meditating
A journey to where the winters are fair.
The crows have forgotten to linger,
As they did in the days of yore,
And seldom cast their glances
Where the clover is no more.
When my life on earth is ended,
O, what will the harvest be?
God grant not withered blossoms,
But deeds which are left to thee.
Troy.

NEW EVERY MORNING.
BY SUSAN COULIDGE.
Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morning is a world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you.
All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's error let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.
Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight.
With glad days and sad days, and bad days
Which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.
Let them go, since we cannot recall them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone,
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.
Here are the skies, all bright and brightly;
Here is the sun and all its reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the new day and the dawn.
In the charm of dew and the cool of dawn.
Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of all sorrow and old sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

Our Story Teller.

A FARMER GOT EVEN.

There are four men in Chicago who will never forget Silas Tatman's visit to the city. It will be many days before those same men will be able to show up at the depot again to prey on the confidence of rural strangers.
When Silas came to town, he came with the avowed intention of revenging himself on a smooth spoken young man who had met him on a former visit and had relieved him of a carcase containing the visitor's money and return ticket. He did not expect to encounter the same fellow, but made up his mind to administer to the first man who claimed to know him the warmest reception the scoundrel had ever met with.
Tatman came in from Bunkum. Bunkum is not on the map, and one could go to the place with a repeating rifle and shoot all the inhabitants without reloading. But, small as it is, it can boast of a citizen who outwitted four of the cleverest "con" men in Chicago. Bunkum is also renowned for its large hornets' nests and the warlike and "grouchy" dispositions of their occupants. In Tatman's hog lot hung one of these nests from a limb of a locust tree. It was a gigantic specimen and the terror of the neighborhood.
The morning Silas left for Chicago he went out in the hog lot very early, before the hornets were stir. He took with him an old green carpetbag, and this he opened and slipped carefully around the oblong nest, closing the clasp quickly without losing a hornet. When he took the train later in the day, he smiled with delight as he thought of the harrowing scene that would take place when the carpetbag was opened.
When Silas arrived at the depot, instead of going to the hotel he sat down in the smoking room and waited. His mission was similar to that of the confidence man. He was in quest of a stranger who would cultivate his acquaintance only to rob him of his hornets and regret it to his dying day. Occasionally Farmer Tatman would look down at his carpetbag. As he did so he shook with glee.
The Bunkum farmer had not been seated five minutes when he was approached by a fellow with a sharp, inquisitive nose and a checked suit. "Ah, ha!" thought Tatman, as the stranger extended his hand. "I've got you."
"I believe I know you," said the sharp nosed individual. "Let me see, you are from—"
"Bunkum," replied Tatman.
"To be sure—Bunkum. And your name is—"
"Tatman."
"Why, of course. How are you, Mr. Tatman?"
"Tolerable." And Mr. Tatman looked down at his hornets and chuckled.
"My name's Cunningham," went on the stranger, grasping one of Silas' hands in both his own. "I remember I was visiting Bunkum a few years ago with Bunker—a oh, I never can remember names. You know who I mean, though. He's the principal banker in your town."
There never was a banker within 20 miles of Bunkum, but Farmer Tatman was playing a hand, so he said: "Know him! Was, I should say I do. You mean old Squire Jones?"
"Jones, of course. Ha, ha, ha! Strange I couldn't remember the name."
"Ha, ha, ha! 'Twas kinder funny." And Silas fairly danced with joy. "I reckon that ain't a nice quiet little place somewhere where a fellow can talk with a friend what he ain't seen for nigh on to two years." This was just what Cunningham wanted.
"Oh, yes," said he in his softest tone. "I know just the place. It's not over a block from here."
"Then I reckon we might as well go if you're sure it's safe walking through the streets with as much money as I've got in this here satchel!"
At the word money Silas detected an expression of eagerness and pleasure on the scoundrel's face, and the fellow's fingers seemed to itch as the two walked along.
"Ain't you afraid," said he, "of being robbed?"
"Waal, you just bet your sweet life the fellow who opens old Silas Tat-

man's valise will be sorry." And the Bunkum farmer smiled inwardly.
Here Cunningham turned on a little side street, leading his friend by the arm. About half way down the block they turned into a dark and dingy looking saloon. Cunningham spoke familiarly to the bartender, who directed them to a wicker room in the back of the place. The two sat down at the table and were joined presently by three other men. One of them was a fat man, who tried to get Tatman to play cards "just for fun."
Another one of the men wore a white vest and a polka dot necktie. He did all the talking, and after Cunningham had whispered a few words in the fellow's ear he could hardly keep his eyes off the carpetbag. He was introduced to Tatman as Thomas W. Bloomfield, the board of trade man.
"It seems, Mr. Tatman," said Bloomfield, "that you are very careless with your money. Mr. Cunningham tells me that you carry it in your satchel."
"You bet I have got a lot of money in that ere old carpetbag. I was kinder thinkin' of speculating with it."
"Perhaps you would like to have me invest it in wheat. I think you could make a big fat," said Bloomfield.
"I'm kinder 'fraid of losin' it."
"Oh, not at all; not if it's well invested. People only lose their money through carelessness. But of course some one has to lose money to keep the stuff properly in circulation."
"Waal, I ain't got much money to lose, and I'm feared if I was to open that ere bag that mine would get to circulate, and you bet it would circulate mighty dern fast."
"Well, if you did lose it, it would stick to some one's fingers."
"You bet your blame life she would, and she'd stick party good dern fast."
"So you don't want me to invest it for you?"
"I'm a little bit scared 'bout puttin' it in wheat."
"No risk whatever," said Bloomfield. "Why, I tell you, Mr. Tatman, a good speculator can pick money off the trees here in Chicago."
Bloomfield's expression tickled Tatman. He laughed uproariously and then said:
"You can pick it off the trees in Bunkum, too, but you can't keep it long, 'cause it circulates too dern fast."
By this time the men were growing impatient, and Tatman noticed that they looked more frequently and longer at the carpetbag. He thought it about time to take his revenge, so he said:
"Waal, gentlemen, I reckon I'd better be a-goin', and I'd like to leave that 'ere money with you, so as it'll be safe while I hunt up a stoppin' place."
The men were perfectly willing to accommodate Farmer Tatman. They assured him that the carpetbag and its contents would be perfectly safe and that they would be willing to wait until he came back.
"Much obliged, gentlemen." And Tatman arose. "Tisn't very often that a fellow meets such kind friends as you are in a strange city, and it's kinder soothin' ter know that a fellow's leavin' his money with honest people. I reckon I'll be back in about an hour." And Tatman once more thanked his friends as he passed out of the room, closing the door behind him.
Tatman did not leave the saloon, as the men expected. By a clever dodge he managed to slip the key of the door in his pocket before he left the room. He remained on the outside long enough to silently turn the bolt in the lock, after which he slipped into the adjoining room. He did not wait long before he heard one of the men say:
"Well, that was the easiest snap I ever saw." Silas recognized the voice as that of Cunningham. Then Bloomfield answered:
"Easy! Why, you could rob that fool before he was out of the door and wouldn't know it. Hand up the granger's grip-sack!"
Tatman heard the sound of the grip-sack striking the top of the table. Then he heard them prying at the lock. Presently he heard the clasp give, and in another instant a piercing yelp rent the air. Whack! Crash! Bang! The chairs were upturned and the table was tumbled over in the mad scramble for the door.
Then he heard some one say: "Great heavens! They're hornets and the door is locked!"
The howls and yelps which followed brought the bartender and the proprietor to the scene. The Bunkum farmer seized the opportunity to slip out of the saloon, and as he was passing into the street he heard the door crash in as one of the men or the inside dealt a blow with a chair. Over his shoulder he saw a stream of hornets sail after the bartender.
Twenty minutes later, from his retreat in the alley across the street, Tatman saw his five friends limping out of the saloon to the ambulance which had been called and which had backed up to the curbstone—Chicago Inter Ocean.

There was silence between them. Wilson Shardeole had performed the duties of a host. He had given his friend the best chair and himself had taken the one whose wicker had cracked at the back so as to make it a little creaky, a little dangerous and a little more comfortable. He had passed the cigarettes and the whisky and had unwired the soda water. It was 11 o'clock. The temple is very quiet at that hour. Even the rumble of the hurrying hansom in Fleet street or the Strand only comes with soft murmur as of green woods in summer time.
The hour and its stillness, the solitude, a dear, all inviolent confidence. Yet the men sat silently smoking. Jack Tyrwhitt spoke first.
"You're a poor host, Shardeole. You care for the vile body with cigars and things, but you leave my intellect unplaced. For goodness sake, man, talk of something, if it is only the odds about the Leiger."
Shardeole heaved a sigh and came out of his absorption with an obvious effort.
"It's generally I who talk most," he said, reproachfully. "You have grown as silent as an owl, Jack, lately. I don't know what's the matter with you. Have you been committing murder, or getting married, or running away from your neighbor's wife, or what is it? I'm sure you have some guilty secret."
The other laughed with a little embarrassment.
"I'm as innocent as the babe unborn," he said. "But, seriously, there is something I should like to tell you, only I promised not to mention it, any one."

LOOKING FOR RICHES

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HESITATE NO LONGER.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms. No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.
Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitiveness in this direction. They condition n't say to the physician what they ought to say to someone.
Mrs. Pinkham has received the confidence of thousands. Women open their hearts to her. She understands their suffering, and has the power to relieve and cure.
In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the cause physician does not understand the case and treats the patient for consumption—indigestion—anything but the right thing.
It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their heart and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.
You ask how she can tell if the doctor cannot? Because no man living ever treated so many cases and possesses such vast experience.
Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, sends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you.
Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure cure for this trouble. For twenty years it has done its grand work and cured thousands.
"Holy Moses!" cried the host, with sudden and complete enlightenment. "I see it all now—you're engaged."
"It's true," said Jack, after a moment's hesitation. "There can't be any harm in my telling you that much. The fact is, she doesn't want the engagement talked at present for family reasons."
"Yes, I know," said Wilson, encouragingly; "they are like that sometimes. It's only because they like to make a fuss about nothing. We must humor them, you know. Is she pretty?"
"She's divine!"
"Any money?"
"Oh, yes, I should think so! Her people are rich. But I ought not to be talking about her."
"So you're caught at last!"
"I wish you wouldn't chaff about it," said his friend. "I'm sorry I said anything about it."
"I'm not chaffing. In fact—the need of a confidant was strong within him—the same as yours. She will have this stupid little mystery. Only it isn't family reasons with her. It's because—"
He pulled himself up short on the brink of repeating her words, which had been used to the effect that she must get used to her strange new happiness before she could share her holy secret with the hard, unsympathetic world.
"And is she beautiful too?"
"My dear boy," said Shardeole warmly, "she's an angel—clever, too, and so noble and high minded. I never feel that I can live up to her. She makes me feel a low, base, sordid creature, sometimes. I assure you, when I have been spending the evening with her, I come home quite worn out. The moral atmosphere is so—"
He paused.
"I mean," he added, "it's so difficult to keep up—that sort of high pressure business."
"I know," said his friend, with sympathy. "Mine's just the same. I know what you mean. I'm glad we have told each other, old man." Tyrwhitt went on after another pause, "because I was beginning to wonder what had come over you, and now, of course, I understand it."
"Only wish I could tell you her name. You'll be best man, won't you?"
"Of course I will, if I am not put on the shelf before you."
"Oh, Tyrwhitt, when I think of that girl you don't know how terrible all sorts of things look that I never saw any harm in before! Hello, we are getting sentimental! Have another glass of whisky."
The next day Shardeole went out of town, and the two men did not meet for nearly three weeks. Then, as before, they sat drinking whisky and soda, and silence was between them.
"You're looking rather chippy, old man," said the host.
"I dare say I do. The fact is I don't know what to do myself. I daren't look in at a ball or take any one out to dinner or do anything amusing because she—"
He knew who I mean—is so dreadfully down on anything of that sort, and, upon my word, I never knew the time go so slowly, except when I am with her, and then, of course, it's all right. Why, then, no idea how bored I am. I was actually thinking to-day I would answer one of those matrimonial agency advertisements. It might be a lark."
"But suppose she found out?"
"Oh, one could write it on the Remington and put a different name. I don't know whether it's worth doing. Nothing is."
"Oh, yes, come on," said Shardeole, drawing the typewriter toward him. "But, I say, if we give a false name they'll look us up in the directory and find us out."
"Oh, I'll write in Danbeny's name. His rooms are over in Harcourt buildings, and I have got the key of them. He's away in Algeria."
"I'm afraid it's rather silly—like two schoolboys."
"Oh, well, one must do something, you know."
Shardeole went out for a copy of the Matrimonial Globe. They selected the most glowing advertisement:
"Personal—Ethel, aged 19, golden hair, blue eyes, independent fortune, wishes to meet with a gentleman of about 25 with £500 a year or more. Must be musical. Address Ethel, office 567 Fleet street."
So they wrote a letter describing the pecuniary and moral affluence of the absent Daubeny.
"I like the name Ethel," said Jack, drawing the letter from the typewriter. "It's such a sweet, good, innocent, tender name."

der name."
"I think I like the full name, Ethelreda, better. There's something dignified about it."
"I don't know," said the other. "It's not cozy, like Ethel. It makes you think of Anglo-Saxon attitudes, don't you know?"
"I don't agree with you," said Wilson. "Well, they sent the letter. There were some inquiries from the office of the paper, which Tyrwhitt, impersonating the absent Daubeny, answered to the office's satisfaction."
"Daubeny won't mind, you know," he said to his friend. "He'll enjoy the joke."
And three days later came the answer to their typewritten enquiry of the gentleman in Algeria. This also was typewritten. A photograph was inclosed which Wilson would have unwrapped at once.
"Fair does," said Tyrwhitt, holding the photograph at arm's length, while they read the letter together. It stated that if Mr. Daubeny's income was as represented and if he thought from the inclosed photograph that Ethel would be likely to make his home happy she would arrange to meet him at the office. "A personal interview," the letter stated, "is always more satisfactory."
"Now for the photograph!" cried Jack. "We shall have to stop short at this, Wilson. I have often wondered what sort of woman you put in these advertisements. This will be some old catamaran of 50, I suppose."
Shardeole drew the photograph from its silver paper resting place and gave one glance at it. He dropped it with a hurried "D—!"
"As bad as all that?" said Tyrwhitt, picking the photograph out of the sugar basin into which it had fallen. It had arrived at breakfast time. "Good God!" he cried as soon as his eyes fell on it. "It's Ethel, Ethel—you know, the girl that I was engaged to."
Already he spoke in the past tense. "So she was to me, by Jove!" cried Wilson incoherently. "Jack, that's my girl too!"
They stood frowning at each other across the photograph. Then Jack began to laugh, and in a moment Wilson followed suit.
"What a lot of, by heaven!" he said. "What shall we do?"
"I was very fond of her, Shardeole, old fellow," said Jack.
But his friend said: "Don't be an ass. How can you be fond of a girl like that—a girl who was engaged to two men at once and tried to get hold of 'Good God!' he cried as soon as his eyes fell on it. 'It's Ethel, Ethel—you know, the girl that I was engaged to.'"
"Shut up, can't you," cried the other savagely, "and tell me what you are going to do?"
"I shall return her letter and her photograph and tell her that all is an end between us."
"If you do that, there is nothing left for me but to go and break it off personally. I should rather enjoy that."
"Shall we go together?" said Wilson, struck by a happy thought.
"No, I don't want to hit her when she's down!"
And the next day Tyrwhitt went. Ethel received him with her usual quiet grace and dignity.
"I have come to release you from your engagement," he said.
Her great, innocent, baby eyes filled with tears.
"Oh, what is it? Don't you love me any more?"
"I can't be put off," he said, "with a divided heart. You have already shared your love between my friend Wilson Shardeole and me. Now that you propose to add Daubeny to your collection you leave me no resource but to retire."
"I don't understand," said Ethel, "but I see you mean to insult me. After what you have said we are strangers from this moment."
And, with all her old saintly dignity, she turned and left him. "It must be owned that she carried off the situation well."

Double Shots at Game.
The pride of a sportsman is to make a good double at game. Take a ruffed grouse hunter, for instance. He puts up two of the birds at once. They go whirling off through the brush and are brought down one after the other. That makes the hunter happy.
A Texas deer hunter riding along on horseback once saw a couple of deer leap from their beds and start off on a jump. He dropped both, one with each barrel. They were big bucks.
A hunter in Wisconsin saw three bears leaping away through the timber. He killed two of them and wounded the third so that he got it the next day.
A German hunting hares with a 16 gauge shotgun loaded with No. 3 shot saw two deer running, one behind the other. He killed them both at 30 yards.
Men on the plains in the days when antelopes were far more plentiful than now used to get within shot of a bunch of them, by shooting the leaders, manage to get all the bunch. It was the same with elk, while buffaloes were killed by dozens, but such shots were not pleasing to the men who made them in any other sense than that they brought so much money. This was market hunting—New York Sun.
Had Been Very Moderate.
"I should like you for contempt," said the judge as he glared at the lawyer who had aroused his ire.
"With all due respect to your honor," responded the attorney, "I think that you should not. I have been particularly careful not to express my true feelings toward the court."—Detroit Free Press.
Improved Farm Method.
"They are talking of putting in long distance telephones for the farmers' use."
"How charming! Of course, they can be utilized in calling the cows."—Chicago Record.

A DETECTIVE'S RUSE.

Cholmondeley is a very old friend of mine. To the world he poses successfully as a social star. He runs a flat in Mayfair which would knock the stuffing out of an earl. His country house is situated in one of the best parts of Hertfordshire. Any day you would pick his yacht out of the swaggiest batch at Cowes, and his horses and wine are beyond all reproach.
But he hasn't a friend saving myself who knows where his money comes from.
As a matter of fact, Cholmondeley is a sort of society Sherlock Holmes.
There are a good many affairs of international importance which require the most subtle investigation and diplomacy of a high order.
And then there are many society cases affecting people of high standing which require the most delicate handling. Such matters are placed entirely in the hands of men of Cholmondeley's stamp. He makes quite \$50,000 a year.
I was more agreeably surprised than otherwise when one day last week the following wire arrived from him:
"Can you see me before 12? Important matter. Urgent."
There was nothing of the blasé man of the world air which Cholmondeley affects in society as he greeted me this morning. Instead he got to business at once.
His first action was to cross the room to a little box which was fitted into the wall. I had seen it scores of times before. It was what he called his peeping machine—an arrangement of pipes and mirrors—by means of which he is able to see from the study what is going on in his drawing room and dining room.
"See anything?"
"Yes. There's a man there."
"Recognize him?"
I started back in surprise. The visitor was none other than a prominent member of the government.
Cholmondeley said nothing, but simply turned a small lever and told me to look again. This time I saw into the dining room.
Seated at the table was a gentlemanly man of about 40. He was studying a notebook.
"Think he looks the desperate criminal of fiction?"
"Couldn't say boo to a goose," I replied.
"Well, anyway, he's our man, and we've got to catch him."
"But, my dear chap, he's here. You could sprinkle salt on his tail."
"Steady, my friend, steady. This is not a common or garden case. It's a matter involving the theft of a government secret."
"Our client is Lord —, whom you saw in the drawing room just now. About 9 o'clock last night he left the foreign office with dispatches of the most important description. Were they in the hands of the government to whom they are addressed nothing could avert a great European war. He had orders to cross to the continent with them the first thing in the morning."
"To cut a long story short, they were stolen on his way home, and half an hour later he received urgent instructions to return them at once, as in view of fresh complications they must not be delivered at any cost."
"Now, the case hadn't been in my hands for more than an hour before I discovered who were the guilty gentlemen in the affair. I had been there before, so to speak. As a matter of fact, I know within an ace where those dispatches are now, but there are one or two difficulties in the path. In the first place, it is impossible by the nature of the case to arrest the men."
"Now these gentlemen offer the usual alternatives. Either we must pay them a huge ransom for the papers—or you see now why they stole them—or they will skip across the channel and deliver them, in which case there will be the dickens to pay."
"The man you saw in the dining room is one of the two gentlemen concerned in the theft. Knowing he is safe from arrest, he has called to negotiate with me on the question of compensation. It's blackmail in plain English."
"Of course my clients are willing to pay anything to get the papers back, but that isn't Cholmondeley's way of working. We've got to get those papers without paying them for them, and if you're the man I take you for we can manage it."
"The other man's at a well known south coast port waiting to skip across the channel if negotiations fail. I think it is more than likely he has got the papers. Now, you have got to go down there and keep him in view while I dilly dally with the business manager of the show and keep him waiting here for a day or two till I hit on a good scheme."
Civilized mothers do not throw their babies to crows, and many a prospective mother sacrifices her baby's future welfare by neglecting her own health during the critical time when the life on is expected. At this period it is a woman's duty to preserve by every possible means her strength and good condition. The best strength-builder for prospective, or for nursing mothers, is Doctor Pierce's Favorite Food. It gives vigor and tone to the entire system, and cures all indigestion, special endurance and elasticity. It makes the mother strong and cheerful; renders confinement short, and delivery easy; entirely free from danger and comparatively free from pain. It provides recuperative force for the mother, and abundant nourishment for the child. It is the only medicine for women which has been devised by a regularly graduated, experienced physician. Dr. Pierce has been for thirty years chief consulting physician of the famous "Invalids' Hotel" and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. His reputation as a skilled specialist in women's ailments is world-wide.
Every woman should read Dr. Pierce's splendid free thousand-page book, "The People's Guide to Sense and Sanity." It contains several chapters about women's reproductive physiology and many valuable receipts for home treatment of simple ailments; with over three hundred illustrations. It is the most instructive and valuable medical library ever published in one volume. Nearly 70,000 copies were sold at \$1.50 each, but a strongly paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of twenty-one cents in one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing only. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Michigan St., N. Y. City.
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PLEASANT TO TAKE

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT CURES COLIC, COUGHS, CRAMPS.

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Every Mother

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Horse Department.

With the low prices of grain the colts should come out of the barns in April in the best possible shape, and if the slack days are improved, so educated that they will sell to advantage. It is safe to predict that prices will be good next spring for the pleasing, attractive, good sized roadster.

One of the sweetest road mares ever bred in Maine was Aubine, and her present owner, Mr. Kimball C. Atwood, New York, is fortunate in getting from her a colt by Mambrino King. It should be a beauty, full of style and finish. It promises so much that she has been bred back to the same horse a second time.

The only way to carry on any branch of business is in line with the demands and conditions of to-day, not yesterday. The path which led to success twenty years ago may lead to certain ruin to-day. Everywhere the lesson is the same, and the young men will be first at the goal because they will conform to what must ever be sought after—present demands. Find out what the up to date, progressive buyer is seeking for and then produce it.

As a rule men who complain that they cannot sell their horses are those who do not put their goods up in attractive form. Buyers look for finish as well as breeding, and the colt hardly taught to lead cannot show to any advantage. No matter how choice the breeding, such stock must sell at a low price. It is the education given the colt which lifts it above cost of feed, pasture and service. Raw material is cheap, the finished product sells at long prices.

Men who measure value solely by records made in races are sure to ignore all other factors entering in to the making of a good horse. One the other hand those who ignore action, or the promise of speed, will settle down to the slow motioned, blocky draft animal. Both extremes are wrong and lead astray. Good style and information are all possible in the horse having the most frictionless action. The difficulty to men are harassed and hampered by old time conception when conditions were different.

There is no question but that lined meal is a valuable food product for horses as well as cattle, and that the fears expressed in regard to it grow out of the abuse not the use of the article. At the same time "some caution must be exercised in feeding to horses when engaged in active work," says Prof. Shaw, "lest the bowels become unduly lax." The oil meal should not compose more, perhaps, than one part in twenty of the whole grain ration fed. To colts, however, it may be fed more freely. In the season they can profitably use from one-fourth to one-half pound per day. It develops in them muscle and bone, so helpful to their future usefulness, and it gives to their coats a glossy skin, which indicates a healthy condition of the digestive organs. The hair and coat of cattle are also similarly improved when oil meal is fed.

The biggest leak on the farm is that of tools, carriages and harnesses neglected. The wear of rust and filth is greater than that from service. It is a profitable practice whenever possible to mend a thing showing signs of weakness before it breaks, which can often be done with wagon and buggy wheels and the like, as well as harness and many other contrivances that cost money and must be kept in use. Much repairing can be done at home without expense, but when a mechanic's tools and skill are needed, it is economical to have him do the job. To sum up: Keep rigs and implements always housed, in "shipshape," clean, well oiled and painted.

If every farmer would study his business in every way possible, economize where wisdom prompts—which would never direct a man in doing without a good agricultural paper, nor in starving his body, nor that of any person or animal upon his farm—there would be less discontentment, and bills coming in that cannot be met, than is now found upon many farms.

Taking a seat with an old friend not long ago, behind his pet horse, for a drive over the hills of Eastern Washington county, our attention was at once called to the feet of the horse. Instead of being true, one side of the hoof had been pared so much more than the other that the feet were in a strained condition all the time, and injured muscles or tendons threatened. More of watchfulness on the part of owners is called for, if they would have long lived horses, full of activity. A writer in an exchange says:

"We are confronted with many questions regarding the shoeing of horses, and sometimes the problems seem impossible of handling at long range. However good and logical our advice is, it is thrown away unless the shoeer exercises good common sense, not only in shoeing and leveling the foot, fitting the shoe, etc., but in harnessing and driving the horse after he has been shod. The first point of attack in controlling a horse is his heel—taking it for granted the man's head is under control—and until the brains of the brute respond to the dictates of the will of the driver, nothing that is radically wrong can be remedied. One might as well expect a perfectly fitted engine to perform its duty after a cog wheel has been removed and to look for a horse to perform satisfactorily when indifferently harnessed and poorly driven, even though so far as shoeing, etc., is concerned, he is balanced to a nicety. Balance the horse so that it is easy for him to travel, harness him so that he feels as though there was freedom, check him so that he feels he is on duty, and drive him with the understanding that all horses have limbs."

THE FUTURE OF THE HORSE MARKET.

In a recent conversation about the condition of the horse market, Mr. J. S. Cooper, of the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, said:

"As an evidence of our own unlimited confidence in the future of the horse market, and its possibilities to those who have stuck by the ship during the temporary reverses of the last few years, we have this season bred seventy-five mares, and our only regret is that there was not done likewise, certain as we are of

the reward which in a few short years would be his. Fat is an important feature, and it will increase the price \$10 to \$25 a head, and recoup the farmer far more than the same expenditure on horse or cattle. The cry is nearly universal that absolutely sound, and shapely horses are difficult to find, and, worse still, are in thin flesh and not in marketable condition. The leading foreign demand is for extra choice chunks, twelve to thirteen hundred pounds, five years old, and broken double, and at no time since the first of the year have there been enough of these to fill existing orders. Blocks of fifteen to sixteen hundred pounds have also been in good demand for export, while high stepping coaches and drivers have never been nearly ample to fill the orders on the market. The foreign demand has been fully up to the anticipations of the trade, with England leading in the number and variety of her purchases, closely followed by France, Germany, Belgium, Scotland and Ireland in the order named, with Italy and Guatemala as new customers, the former for big, heavy blocks, and the latter for matched driving teams. Mexico has kept up her record, and has purchased several carloads of extra choice gentlemen's carriage teams at prices only limited by the quality of the offerings."

A REMARKABLE RECORD.

Below we present the score by Mr. Culbertson of Chicago, the expert horse judge at the New England Fair, of two stallions owned by Mr. J. S. Sanborn, Lewiston Junction, Genesee and Lothaire, with six half blood French Coach colts, sired by each horse. These scores were made by the judge when the sweepstakes class was judged, and the total on structural parts was for Lothaire and six colts 637½, and for Genesee and his six colts 613, thus insuring first and second premiums in the best class opened in any premium list.

That these same colts were awarded second and third when they met the same opposing colts in single animal classes, has caused a great amount of criticism and no end of bewilderment. An explanation is promised, and awaited with interest.

It is to the scores that special attention is called, both with reference to uniformity and also to value placed on those parts best indicating the worth and service ability of the horse. When a trotting horse expert puts on record his estimate of eye, head, forearm, cannon, pastern, foot, coupling, quarter, hook, gaskin, style, size, substance, action and symmetry, it is from a road horse standpoint that he is measuring, and it is the story told in these essentials which makes the table a remarkable one, worthy of critical study.

| | Lothaire, 7 years. | Saddle W., 3 years. | Kitty S., 3 years. | Seabright, 3 years. | Lady R., 3 years. | Fredrich, 2 years. | Lady Amelia, 3 years. | Genesee, 10 years. | Lady Butler, 3 years. | Gladiator, 1 year. | Flores G., 1 year. | Beauty, 3 years. | Helen V., 4 years. | Kennelworth, 4 years. |
|-------------|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Perfection. | 100 | 94 | 88 | 92 | 86 | 91 | 93 | 92 | 86 | 94 | 91 | 92 | 86 | 86 |
| Eye | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Head | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 |
| Neck | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Shoulders | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 |
| Coupling | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Forearms | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Barrel | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 |
| Quarters | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 |
| Stifle | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Gaskins | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Hook | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Knees | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Cannon | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Pasterns | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Feet | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Color | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Coat | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Size | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Symmetry | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Style | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |

If to these there be added pedigree value, as is customary with other classes, the result would be still better, but resting on structural parts Mr. Sanborn can claim a show of figures which, coming from recognized authority, set the seal of quality on his road horse stock.

Poultry Department.

Men call the poultry business a side issue, a small matter, yet when a man with six hundred hens can make a profit of thirty dollars a month, and 105 per cent. interest on investment, it can hardly be laughed down. There is no "patent" on the means to success. Only the carefulness, regularity and thought necessary for success in other branches are required.

"You talk about low prices for eggs," said Mr. Hayden of Robinson, as we met him on the fair grounds at Pembroke lately. "As though this was necessary. I have realized not less than fifteen cents this year, and am now getting twenty-five, and all expenses paid. Others might do the same if they would shift uniform, brown eggs, absolutely fresh. I tell you the egg side of the business is the one to push."

"My hens have paid the grain bill for themselves and two thousand chickens, bought me a top buggy, paid the grocery bills of the family, and put three hundred dollars into the Savings Bank during the past three months," said an Eastern Maine poultry keeper to the writer the other day. Asking in regard to winter production, he said: "You know I have eleven hundred hens, and for the month of February they averaged two hundred dozen weekly." Who says there's no money in hens?

"Brooders make a sad mistake in keeping cockerels too long, not forcing them enough, and then not putting on the market in attractive form." So says a successful poultry man of Maine. His practice is to feed liberally until chicks will dress four pounds, then kill, bleed through the mouth, dry pick, not drawing or cutting off the heads, pack in ice and send along, the result being that these Maine birds go on the market as coming from Philadelphia, and the top prices are realized. He feeds freely on corn the night before killing, but gives nothing in the morning, thus insuring an empty crop. Such birds will keep better and be sweeter when exposed than those which are drawn, uncleanly the work is carefully and very thoroughly done. We may argue as we will about the good taste manifested, and all that, but the only thing for the grower

to do is to fit the demand of the commission dealer through whom he expects to reach the consumer.

CRAMMING.

There is no question but to-day and surely in the future there is a profitable field open to him who grows or purchases chicks and fattens by a forcing process. This work has never been attempted in the East and with but few in this country. In England it is a peculiar and distinctive feature, made profitable by the skill of the fattener. We present from the columns of the Country Gentleman a full description of one of the large establishments in England.

Some of the older fatters did not pay sufficient attention to cleanliness. In this respect Mr. Piper's houses and sheds offer an example. His sheds are spacious and well ventilated, and absolute cleanliness is observed. Although my visit was paid on a hot summer day they were sweet and fresh. The droppings are removed every morning; fine lime is scattered over the pens regularly; and every cage is lime-washed out when one lot is removed, before other birds are placed therein. This involves labor, for during a busy season as many as 200 dozen chickens are in the cages at one time; but it pays, and ought to be recognized as absolutely necessary.

The outside cages are placed under hedges and below the fruit trees. The buildings in which the actual cramming takes place (for the principle adopted is to feed from troughs during the first two weeks, cramming only being resorted to for the last seven days) are of wood, 14 feet high, well ventilated, and during summer time washed both outside and inside, this keeping them much cooler than if painted or tarred. They are not crowded, and the large open doors allow a regular current of fresh air in warmer weather; but in winter the doors can be closed to maintain a higher temperature. The cages are of the regular type, raised about 3 feet from the ground, and in single tiers. When placed outside, they have a roof or covering of wood, but the tops are merely bars or rods when within the sheds.

The food employed is the usual ground oats, obtained from a miller at Heathfield, and during the busy season frequently 50 sacks are used per week. With this is mixed milk during the entire period, the milk being allowed to sour. When the birds are put up first of all, to obviate the difficulty sometimes met with, namely, that the birds do not eat, feeding by reason of confinement, the food is made as thin as gruel. To tempt their

appetites, a little crushed maize is scattered on top of the liquid food in these troughs, and is found sufficient. With this exception no other meal is employed than ground oats. Next the meal is made into a stiff paste. At the end of a week a little beef or mutton fat is mixed with the meal. When cramming commences the meal is mixed with milk and fat into a thick fluid, capable of running, but not thin. Bristles are mixed with the food three times a week in order to keep the blood cool, and a little is usually dusted over the fowls when first received, to drive away any insects. At one time the old Sussex crank crammer was employed, but this has been discarded for the "Neve" machine, which can be operated by one man, and is much more easily moved about. One of Mr. Piper's assistants declares that when he puts forth his best efforts he can cram thirty dozen chickens in an hour, but I did not see it done.

It is interesting to note that for the summer and autumn trade at watering places on the Kentish coast, the demand is for only partly fattened chickens. Prices secured would not pay for the best specimens. The birds killed for this purpose are only fed up for a week or ten days, never crammed. While they do not compare either for quality or quantity of flesh with those in which the process is completed, they are vastly improved. Their flesh and skin have a white appearance which cannot be found on unfattened chickens, and the meat is finer in flavor. From this we learn that where cramming is not adopted, it is advantageous to pen and feed the birds.

It is difficult to learn the exact results in increase of weight by the adoption of this system for statistics are not kept by fatters—they are too busy to trouble themselves with figures of this kind. But I was informed that for the Christmas trade, with well grown birds, as much as 5 lb. has been added. This was, however, when the process was prolonged to six weeks. As a rule, a period of three weeks is the limit, and when longer, special care has to be taken. The birds are fed more slowly, and forcing does not really commence until within a fortnight of killing. Under ordinary conditions, a bird would begin to sicken if fattening were extended in this way.

Salt is good to check bleeding of the lungs and as a nerve and tonic for weak, thin blooded invalids. Combined with hot water, it is useful for certain forms of dyspepsia, liver complaint, etc.

Cramer's reformation of the calendar was really made by Scitogenes, B. C. 44.

Address with 21 cents in one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only, to the Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., and get a free copy of the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

Don't be a Fatalist. Don't look on the dark side. Don't believe everybody to be a humbug. Don't think that because you have found loudly extolled "remedies" to be swindles, that Angier's Petroleum Emulsion is one. It has proved itself to be a wonderful cure in diseases of the Lungs and Throat. It is being prescribed by thousands of physicians. It penetrates, cleanses, nourishes, heals. It is not a nostrum. It appeals to intelligent people.

| | Lothaire, 7 years. | Saddle W., 3 years. | Kitty S., 3 years. | Seabright, 3 years. | Lady R., 3 years. | Fredrich, 2 years. | Lady Amelia, 3 years. | Genesee, 10 years. | Lady Butler, 3 years. | Gladiator, 1 year. | Flores G., 1 year. | Beauty, 3 years. | Helen V., 4 years. | Kennelworth, 4 years. |
|-------------|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Perfection. | 100 | 94 | 88 | 92 | 86 | 91 | 93 | 92 | 86 | 94 | 91 | 92 | 86 | 86 |
| Eye | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Head | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 |
| Neck | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Shoulders | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 |
| Coupling | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Forearms | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Barrel | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 |
| Quarters | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 | 4 1/4 |
| Stifle | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Gaskins | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Hook | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Knees | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Cannon | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Pasterns | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Feet | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Color | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Coat | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Size | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Symmetry | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |
| Style | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 | 3 3/4 |

The Trautmannsdorff Fiddle.

The curious affection for old Cremona violins, tenors and basses is by no means a modern fancy. The Stradivarius violin, which my excellent father gave me when I was 10 years of age, was priced at 100 guineas in 1830. To go still farther back, we were told by the old newspaper that in September, 1773, there was sold by auction at Dresden the famous violin of Count Trautmannsdorff, grand quarry to the Emperor Charles VI, which he had purchased direct from the celebrated Tyrolean maker, Jacob Stainer. He paid him down in cash 70 golden crowns in the center of the whole circle of the ball, so that, being on a flat surface, the iris will be seen in front of the picture or obliquely.—Notes and Queries.

Czar Alexander's Little Joke.

Mr. W. S. Harwood contributes to St. Nicholas a sketch of Joseph Francis, the inventor of the life boat. Mr. Harwood says: "He had received one day by the czar at dinner. The czar was fond of witnessing experiments with new inventions, and Mr. Francis was asked to enter a room opening from a conservatory where an inventor with some newfangled force pump was going to give an exhibition. After he had seen the pump, the czar took hold of the nozzle of the pipe and turned it in the direction of the ladies of the court, who were in the conservatory. Winking to Mr. Francis, the czar, in mischief, gave them a slight sprinkling, begging pardon afterward for his awkwardness."

So One Would.

One would think that woman, like the Roentgen rays, had only just been discovered, to judge from the incoherent clamor, the virulent abuse, the exaggerated praise, with which she is daily greeted in newspapers and books.—Lowell (Mass.) Daily Mail.

Handker

Items of General News.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Govt Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Markets.

REPORT OF WATERBURY AND BRIGHTON-LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.)

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Sept. 29, 1896.

Maine Drivers.

At Brighton.

On late train.

145 825 300

THE AGGREGATE OF LIVE STOCK

WATERBURY AND BRIGHTON

YARDS, Sept. 29, 1896.

Cattle, 3,451; sheep, 11,352; hogs, 20,424; veals, 1,571; horses, 538.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 270; sheep, 823; hogs, 1,000; veals, 300; horses, 177.

CATTLE AND SHEEP EXPORTS TO OLD ENGLAND.

From Boston for the week, 2286 head of cattle, 120 horses, no sheep. Cattle market at Brighton was weak at 11 1/2c @11 1/4c, dressed weight; sheep, 10c.

HOW WE FOUND THE MARKET.

Market for cattle not very stiff in prices. Boston butchers claim a dull beef trade, and bought light supply of Western, they might handle some Eastern to better advantage. They want to give Maine dealers a chance to dispose of their cattle, and go light on Western. Sales on Eastern, 2 1/2c @ 3c, live weight.

Sheep in fair demand, and at steady prices. Canada lambs arrive freely at 4 1/2c @ 4c. But few sales at over 4 1/2c per lb.

The movement in fat hogs holds a steady position, and prices have not changed in the least, and have been steady for a number of weeks, with Western at 3 1/2c live weight, and country hogs at 4 1/2c, dressed weight.

Supplies continue good in live calves. A good lot is quickly taken at good prices. Best lots at 5 1/2c per lb.; mostly sold at 5 1/2c @ 5c. Drinkers at 2 1/2c @ 3c.

A good line of milch cows at the yards. They go to London and Liverpool, but less on sale, but the best find sale and ready customers. Extra cows at \$400; 4c; fancy cows at \$500 @ \$600; common cows, \$200 @ \$300.

Demand for horses expected to improve next month. Very quiet trade all through September and August. Big horses of good quality scarce, and worth more in the country than here. Common grades, \$45 @ \$60; chunks, \$35 @ \$45; light or heavy, very scarce horses, light or heavy, vary as to price and fancy of owner.

Five tons of live poultry on sale, and only 80 per lb. is obtained.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

The Eastern train was way behind time, had on 235 cattle, 1500 sheep of which 3 car loads were Canadian, 300 calves. The only dealer from Maine who had stock on sale Tuesday forenoon was J. S. P. Jones, and sold three cattle as follows: 2 oxen of 3200 lbs. at 4 1/2c; sold 1 pair of 3100 lbs.; 1 pair of 3510 lbs.; 1 pair of 2900 lbs.; and 1 pair of 2910 lbs.; at 4c per lb. live weight. There were several lots of New Hampshire stock sold at 3 1/2c @ 3c.

REMARKS.

It looks now as if the exporting of head west from Boston last week, and they are going every week. There must be some profit in the business or dealers would not continue to send them over. They go to London and Liverpool, but mostly to London. They are horses weighing from 1100 to 1300 lbs. and therefore intended for business use. While in a sale stable this week, we were told the proprietor of Liverpool had bought a horse from the yard, and was to leave space for him to ship a lot of horses the coming week. It is quite probable that the Boston trade in horses will start up early next month. Many buyers are over the fall, but business that has been light will improve and horses will be required. If all departments of live stock trade could improve, dealers would have more courage to start in trading stock for another year.

LATE SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEEK.

Not much over one-half the usual supply of milch cows at the yards. Some good cows were handled by some of the Maine dealers together with many not so good. They were best cows from \$200 to \$300. The best cows from \$300 to \$400. McIntire & Howe sold 1 pair of fancy white face cattle, fattened by S. H. Millett of Norway, Me., of 2880 lbs. at \$135, or near 4 1/2c; sold 2 milch cows, \$45 @ \$60; some at \$200. W. H. H. sold 1 springer, \$38; 1 milch cow, \$42. J. S. H. sold milch cows from \$300 to \$55. W. F. Wallace called the trade fair; his best at \$90. O. H. Forbush sold 3 best cows, 1100 lbs. at 2 1/2c, of 1000 lbs. at 2 1/2c. J. Morgan sold 2 fancy cows, \$80 each; 4 cows, \$45 each; 3 for \$125, the lot; these cows were from Northern N. Y. E. C. Foss sold 2 fancy Ayrshire cows, \$67.50 each. C. W. Cheney sold 2 cows, \$25 @ \$35. Store pigs—Small size, 1 1/2c @ 1 1/4c; shoats, \$2 @ \$3. Light trade.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Boston, September 29, 1896.

Flour and Meal—Tuesday noon.—The market is firm for flour, and prices are unchanged. We quote winter wheat flour and straight at \$3 00 @ 25c; winter wheat patents at \$4 10 @ 65c; spring wheat patents at \$4 00 @ 65c; spring wheat clear and straight at \$3 15 @ 15c. These quotations include millers' jobbers' prices.

Corn meal is firm, with sales at 62c @ 64c per bush; and 1 1/2c @ 1 1/4c per bush for choice kiln-dried. Oatmeal firm, we quote cut at \$3 00 @ 10c, and rolled and ground at \$2 80 @ 70c per bush.

Rye flour sells at \$2 40 @ 20c per bush, as to quality, and Graham flour at \$3 50 @ 40c per bush.

Grain.—The market for corn was easy today and slightly lower. Freight rates are expected to be lower, and a reduction of five cents to New York has already been announced by the Traffic Association.

Corn on the track here is quoted at 32c for steamer yellow, and shippers are offering Chicago No 2 yellow to arrive at 32c, and possibly 31 1/2c would be accepted.

The market for oats has ruled firm. Sales on the spot of old clipped at 27 1/2c @ 28c, and No 2 white at 27c, No 3 white at 26 1/2c, and No 2 mixed at 25 1/2c @ 26c per bush. New oats on the track are selling at 25c, and No 2 mixed at 25 1/2c @ 26c for rejected white, and 25 1/2c @ 26c for No 8 white.

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Shippers are offering new oats to arrive at 26c.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 28, by Rev. C. A. Hayden, Wallace M. Prescott to Miss Hannah J. Keegan.

In this city, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. M. Wymann, Edwin Lewis of Lowell, Mass., to Miss Lizzie Holmes of this city.

In Athens, Sept. 23, James W. Hinckley to Mrs. Annetta Tibbitts, both of Athens.

In Bangor, Sept. 15, Charles A. Lampher of Bangor to Miss Clara E. Leach of Orland.

In Bangor, Sept. 23, Warren C. Patten to Miss Kate Estelle Tibbitts, both of Bangor.

In Bangor, Sept. 23, George W. Reed to Miss Annie L. Roberts of Bangor.

In Bangor, Sept. 23, Fred A. Stickney of Bangor to Miss Eliza L. Leach of Orland.

In Bangor, Sept. 16, Charles A. Lampher to Miss Kate Estelle Tibbitts, both of Bangor.

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Three Gold and One Silver Medal

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Diploma

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Highest Awards

St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Ass'n., 1889.

Six Highest Awards

World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

Highest Awards

Western Fair Association, London, Can., 1893.

Six Gold Medals

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Silver Medal

Toronto Exposition, Toronto, Canada, 1895.

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DIPLOMA

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HIGHEST AWARDS